THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE MUNICIPAL BATTLE.

Meeting of Thousands of Citizens at Battery "D" Armory to Ratify the Candidacy of George B. Swift.

Lucid and Statesmanlike Speech of the Republican Candidate for Mayor.

The Republican ratification mass meeting held at Battery "D" Armory Monday evening, was largely attended, in spite of a most discouraging spell of blizzard weather. The Hon. Charles B. Farwell presided, and speeches were made by John F. Finerty, William E. Mason, William H. Tatge, John F. Scanlan and Dorsey Patton.

When Chairman Farwell mentioned Mr. Swift's name the audience cheered loudly, and as the Mayor stepped to the front of the rostrum the 6,000 persons in the hall arose and cheered and waved their hats for a full minute.

It was a greeting that would have pleased any man. When the audience had demonstrated to its heart's content, Mayor Swift spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: Deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me by the convention of Saturday last, I am doubly gratified in the belief that it was an indorsement of my actions as mayor pro tem, and a vote of confidence in me, and that, whether elected on the 19th or not, I appreciate most highly.

The power vested in the mayor by charter and by ordinance is great, almost autocratic; the responsibility is equally great; the position is not one of retirement or ease, and he who accepts the grave responsibilities that attach to the position thinking otherwise is doomed to disappointment and failure. The duties are arduous and continuous, and to acquit one's self well will require constant study, careful deliberation, firmness of character, honesty of purpose, broadness of comprehension and courage of conviction. Measurably controlled by public opinion, such an officer will work to the advantage of every class and the individual citizen.

The municipal and commercial growth of our city has been, is and will continue to be the wonder of the world. With such phenomenally rapid progress have arisen demands civic that have not been met; public improvements have not kept pace with private enterprise. That our municipal government is not a model goes without saying. Wherein lies the fault? What is to be done and how accomplished?

I have no panacea to offer, no speculative theories or utopian ideas to advance. Years of personal contact with the workings of the city government have impressed me more with the practical than the theoretical or problematical. I am an ardent believer in individual responsibility, in official life, starting from the head. It should proceed along the line in every department to each individual. In the choice of department heads the mayor should select men of experience, honesty, capability and industry; men to whom he could safely intrust the selection of minor employes, they being given to understand that their retention in position depended wholly upon efficient, faithful and intelligent public service. An administration thus officered and equipped would grapple with the problems that daily confronted it and successfully solve them, or give good reasons why. Such an administration would command the respect and confidence of the people, who would rally to its support with their moral and financial aid, irrespective of party affiliations. With united action for the public good on the part of city officials and employes and the loyal support of the masses, criticism just and unjust would not cease, but would be reduced to a minimum.

As to pledges—as a rule abundant promisers are poor performers. Ante-election pledges have become mere platitudes. And yet a candidate should stand before the people pledged to a degree that will not appear fulsome or demagogical. The fundamental idea should be the adoption of business principles and the faithful adhesion thereto. The police force should be divorced from active partisanship. He who states that it has been bespeaks his ignorance of facts or makes a deliberate misstatement. Drawn from the masses as are our firemen, who stand par excellence the pride of our citizens, the police force have been used so often to do work other than that in the line of their duty and for individual and partisan interests that, through no fault of their own, they have not had as a body the high opinion from the public that they could and no doubt would obtain if freed from biased intervention in politics. The chief of police has been instructed by the mayor ad interim, in no uncertain language, to make the divorce absolute, and he will be held to accountability.

The cleaning of streets and alleys should take in all portions of the city and be impartially done.

On the part of contractors honest work should be insisted upon, and none but competent and honest inspectors be employed. The necessity of the strict enforcement of such demands is doubly apparent to all when you stop to consider the vastness of the civic demands—covering an area of nearly 200 miles square, with a street mileage aggregating 3,000 miles, alleys nearly 3,500 miles, with an underground network of sewers, pipes and conduits, constantly used by a tonnage incredible, opened continuously and often replaced carelessly.

I have here the platform adopted by our Democratic brethren at their convention of last Saturday. I will read:

"The Democracy of Chicago favors a liberal and orderly system of government, which, while strictly repressing vice and crime, will not encroach on the innocent customs of the great cosmopolitan population of this city."

Absolutely pure Republican doctrine to which I heartily subscribe.

"We pledge the party to bring about the entire abolition of grade crossings and the elevation of tracks." Again, in accord with the spirit of the times, we say: "The grade crossings must go and our people must have immunity from those death traps."

"We pledge the party to a financial administration of the municipal departments whereby the income of the city will be economically and honestly administered."

Again in accord with the sentiments and actions of your mayor pro tem

"We believe that a system of bookkeeping should be established which would guarantee the financial credit of the city and enable the taxpayers to acquaint themselves with the management and disposition of their taxes used. For the further accomplishment of their end we pledge the party to a monthly publication of the pay roll of every department."

Once again they indorse the work of the present mayor pro tem, who has anticipated them in action.

"We pledge the party to preserve the independent position of the Police Department established under the administration of the late Mayor Harrison, and carried out so efficiently by the present Superintendent of Police."

I have every reason to believe that the late Mayor Harrison was honestly endeavoring to carry out the said views, and I congratulate the advanced ground taken by the convention and again acknowledge the compliment paid me in indorsing my demands in that direction.

"We pledge the party to maintain an efficient street-cleaning department, and to make an effort to bring about a speedy solution of the garbage question."

Another unqualified indorsement of the actions of your Mayor pro tem., but as usual the Democratic party are riding backward. Through the earnest exertions of others than those assembled in the Democratic convention the garbage question has been solved and crematories are in successful operation.

"We believe that the Democratic party is the party of the masses, and we consider the administration of civic affairs ought to be carried out in such a way that the needy and unemployed should be cared for in a just and liberal manner."

The first proposition precludes the possibility of the second. The party of the masses is, or should be, the party that gives to the wageworkers employment outside of civic affairs by so legislating as to keep in full blast our factories and workshops. City employes should be selected for their fitness and honesty; the pay rolls should be purged of the names of idle, inefficient and high priced men and replaced by those anxious and willing to do a full day's work and do it honestly and capably.

Mayor Swift's speech was frequently interrupted with applause, and his two closing sentences literally brought down the house. It was evident that in his first appearance before the people as a candidate for mayor he had made an excellent impression.

A New Monkey.

Monkeys, as a rule,—certainly as we in America know them,—are not distinguished for good manners, beauty, or tidiness, and surely not for elegance or grace. Yet now we have a new species to consider; a monkey possessed of all these good qualities, yet playful and active as any of its frisky kindred. For its introduction we are indebted to Dr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, who discovered it recently at Mount Kilima-Njaro, in the eastern part of equatorial Africa, and brought back to America fine specimens. Not only are these monkeys neat, quiet, and well-behaved, but they are among the most beautiful of animals, and they are said to take the greatest care not to soil or to injure the beautiful coat of long hair with which they are adorned. The drapery of silky, silvery-white hair begins at the shoulders, extends along the sides of the body, and meets over the lower part of the back. When the animal springs swiftly from one bough to another, the floating of this beautiful mantle gives it the appearance of being winged. The chin, throat, temples, sides of the head, and a band above the eyes are also white; the rest of the body is covered with soft, glossy, jet-black fur. The tail, which is unrivaled by that of any other monkey in the world, is fringed with pure white hair that glistens like spun glass, and the hair gradually increases in length as it approaches the tip, where it droops like a festoon of silvery grasses.

The five brought here by Dr. Abbott and presented to the Smithsonian Institution are, with one exception, it is believed, the only specimens that have ever been seen outside the native home of the animal. The *caudatus*, as this species has been named, belongs to a remarkable genus of so-called thumbless monkeys which have in the last ten years furnished millions of victims to the goddess Fashion. Their beautiful skins have been so greatly in demand for robes, capes and muffs that the whole race is in danger of extinction. The species most valued for this purpose is *Colobus guereza* of Abyssinia, a species nearly related to the *caudatus*, and resembling it considerably, though not nearly so beautiful.—*December St. Nicholas.*

WEARS THE MITER.

The Rev. Father E. J. Dunne, of All Saints' Parish, Consecrated Bishop of Dallas, Texas, on Thanksgiving Day.

Brilliant and Imposing Ceremonies at the Church—Archbishop Feehan the Consecrator.

Rev. E. J. Dunne, of All Saints' church, this city, was formally consecrated Bishop of Dallas, Texas, on Thanksgiving Day. In describing the ceremonies the *Herald* of the succeeding day says:

As early as 9 o'clock the congregation began to arrive at the church to witness the gorgeous ceremony. When the consecration began, at 10:30 o'clock, there was not a seat to be had within the church and the side aisles were crowded with worshipers and friends of the pastor. In the pew nearest the chancel knelt Richard Dunne, the father of the bishop-elect, and the latter's four sisters, Mrs. Carey, Miss B. M. Dunne, Miss Annie Dunne and Miss Margaret Dunne.

Slowly down the centre aisle came the cross-bearer, raising aloft the crucifix. He was followed by two acolytes and then came Archbishop Feehan and other dignitaries of the church. Archbishop Ireland had hastened from St. Paul to be present at the consecration. Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, came to welcome the new bishop who was to take charge of one of his bishoprics. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was there, and the Very Rev. Dr. Magnien, president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, represented Cardinal Gibbons. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and Bishop Ryan, of Alton, followed the archbishops closely.

After the purple-gowned ecclesiastics came the white surpliced priests and chaplains of the dignitaries. Under the great ever-shining lamps which hung in front of the tabernacle the archbishops and bishops passed, taking their seats within the chancel. The priests were ranged along the altar steps. Archbishop Feehan was escorted to his throne on the gospel side of the altar, and as his assistants robed him the choir sang a hymn of praise. Those officiating were:

Consecrator, Archbishop Feehan, assisted by Bishop Ryan, of Alton, and Bishop Foley, of Detroit; Masters of Ceremonies, Revs. D. J. Riordan, P. J. Muldoon and B. P. Murray; Consecrator's Notary, Rev. Hugh O'G. McShane; Assistant Priest, Very Rev. D. M. J. Dowling; Deacons of the Mass, Revs. J. M. Cartan and A. J. Thiele; Deacons of Honor, Revs. Dr. Butler and F. S. Henneberry; Chaplains of Archbishop Feehan, Revs. T. P. Hodnett and W. Naestraeter; Chaplains of Archbishop Janssens, Revs. M. Van de Laar and M. J. Dorney; Chaplains of Bishop Ryan, Rev. T. O'Gara and H. P. Smyth; Chaplains of Bishop Foley, Revs. J. M. Dunne and and M. J. Fitzsimmons; Chaplains of Bishop-Elect, Revs. M. Foley and R. Dunne; Acolytes, Revs. P. J. Tinan and S. J. Moloney; Thurifer and assistants, Revs. J. Glennon, D. J. Pickham and D. Toomey; Chanters, Revs. J. P. Dore and Dr. E. M. Dunne.

Behind the priests, without the chancel, sat sweet-faced Sisters of Mercy and Charity, and religious daughters of St. Dominic. Among the clergymen present were J. T. Foley, N. Maximilian, E. Kelly, M. Murphy, P. M. Flannigan, J. C. Madden, P. J. Tuohy, J. Moran, H. O. McShane, T. Ryan, H. McGuire, J. P. Tolton, M. J. Corbett, J. Gillen, J. McGavick, J. P. O'Reilly, H. Smyth, D. J. McCaffrey.

With Bishops Foley and Ryan, Father Dunne went to the side altar, while the archbishop was robing, and donned the necessary vestments. He wore a purple biretta, the only sign of the honor about to be bestowed upon him. Then returning to the high altar he uncovered his head and bowed profoundly before the consecrator who sat facing the congregation. Bishop Foley turned towards the archbishop and said in low, solemn accents:

"Most Reverend Father, our holy mother, the Catholic chuach, asks that you promote this priest here present to the burden of the episcopate."

Above the singing of the choir could be heard the words of the consecrator:

"Have you the apostolic mandate?"

"We have."

"Let it be read," responded the archbishop.

Father McShane began to read the papal call authorizing the elevation of Father Dunne to the episcopate. Then the bishop-elect knelt before the consecrator and took the oath of office.

"Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison," sang the choir, and the episcopal mass began. Father Dunne said mass at the side altar while Archbishop Feehan celebrated at the high altar. The myriad of wax lights flickered and glowed on the altar as a cloud of incense rose from the thurible. Returning to the high altar, the bishop-elect bowed before the archbishop, and then that beautiful corollary of invocations called the "Litany of the Saints," was chanted by Father Dore and Dr. Dunne, the priests responding. Sprinkling the crozier, mitre and episcopal ring with holy water. Archbishop Feehan blessed them. Then the consecrator anointed the bishop-elect with chrisms and strips of linen were bound about his forehead. The ring, which is a symbol of fidelity to the church, was placed on his finger and the archbishop gave him the crozier. Rising, the bishop-elect received the kiss of peace from the consecrator, and was led back to the side altar, where his head was washed and dried with bread crumbs, and his hair was combed.

A sweet silence reigned throughout the church during the offertory. Snow had begun to fall outside and the stained windows were darkened by the flakes. A few straggling beams of light crept through the southern windows, but the candles on the altar blazed brilliantly. The red flame in the big lamp burned steadily in front of the tabernacle.

Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, mounted the pulpit. Before commencing his sermon he introduced himself and said that as the metropolitan of the ecclesiastical diocese of New Orleans he had come to assist in the consecration of one of his suffragans. Then he spoke of the apostolic origin of the priesthood, and said that none but those who were called could ever become priests. Turning toward the bishop-elect he said:

Here you see the junior member of the hierarchy of God, one who has been consecrated by Archbishop Feehan, who himself was consecrated by the aged Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis. The episcopacy is the fullness and perfection of the priesthood. The bishop is the great superintendent upon whom it is incumbent to keep careful watch over all his parishes. Experience will soon teach you that the life of a bishop has not that sweetness which the pastor draws from his congregation. Of your faithful labors, your archbishop, your confreres and your congregation speak highly. Let them, in future, point to this church and above all point to the school, which in point of excellence is not surpassed in the city of Chicago.

These monuments are guarantee enough that in the exercise of your new duties you will show zeal and energy. As your brother bishop and more as a friend, I bid you welcome to the diocese. It has seen its day of sorrow. It is large in territory but poor in temporal resources. God will help you and the people of Dallas will support you in your new labors. There is a bright prospect before you.

Heads were raised as the assistant bishops walked noiselessly to the high altar, carrying two lighted torches, two loves of bread and two small barrels of of wine, symbolic of the great sacrifice about to be offered up. The bread and wine were decorated in silver and gold, and bore the escutcheons of the consecrator and the bishop-elect. The latter offered these gifts to the consecrator and then went to the epistle side of the altar [illegible] at the episcopal mass. The [illegible] that the sacrifice of the mass was about to be offered up. All heads were bowed as the bread and wine were raised toward the great crucifix. At the communion the consecrator and the bishop-elect partook of the host. Then came the final act of the consecration. Archbishop Feehan blessed the mitre and placed it on the head of the bishop-elect. Then the gloves and ring were blessed and replaced on his hands.

Going with his miter and pastoral staff before the middle of the altar, Bishop Dunne, no longer bishop-elect, blessed the people. The priests sang "Ad Multos Annos." As the new bishop left the chancel and proceeded down the aisle he turned aside from the procession and, bending over his father's head, he kissed it gently. Then he held out his hand to his father and Mr. Dunne pressed his lips to the episcopal ring. The bishop's sisters also bent their heads over the hand of their brother. Tears of joy and pride came into the eyes of the father. Then the congregation hurried out into the snow and rushed homeward.

The choir from the Cathedral of the Holy Name had rendered Haydn's episcopal mass during the service. William Middleshulte was the organist and the following sang:

Soprano, Mrs. F. G. Moyer and Mrs. Annie Moyer; altos, Miss Alice Coffey and Miss Kate Coffey; tenors, Adolph Erst and D. L. F. Queloz; bassos, F. A. Langlois, M. C. Schwabe and F. Doniat.

A dinner was given in honor of Bishop Dunne in the schoolroom in the afternoon. His former parishioners united in presenting him a well-filled purse as a token of their regard. These gifts were also presented Bishop Dunne:

Gold crozier, Archbishop Feehan; crozier, Bishop Ryan, of Alton; pectoral cross, Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; pectoral cross, Young Ladies' Sodality of All Saints'; miter, lace alb, red slippers and red silk stockings, cape and cope, Sisters of Mercy, Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue; lace alb, Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary; gold episcopal cruet and salver, Mrs. E. Wainwright; ruby episcopal ring, set with emeralds, his father; ruby episcopal ring, set with diamonds, Rev. E. A. Kelly, of St. Cecilia's; set of episcopal gloves, Rev. M. J. Dorney.

St. Pius' Church Bazaar.

Mr. Cerveny, of the Monarch Brewing Company, and Mr. Ed. Kelly, of Twelfth and Brown streets, have kindly consented to engage in a contest for a diamond pin at St. Pius' church bazaar. Contest will close on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The death is announced of the first Catholic that sat in the Edinburgh town council—namely, Councillor Flanagan. He was an Irish Nationalist, and a native of the county Monaghan. An Edinburgh paper says of him: "His poorer Irish brethren have lost a generous helper, and many of the Protestant community a cheerful friend."

LIVING IN DUBLIN.

Mr. O'Neill Russell Writes Interestingly of the Cost of Living in the Irish Capital of Today.

In Many Directions Ireland is Nearly as Expensive to Live in as America.

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—If any American, or any Irish-American who has been so long in America that he has lost all remembrance of Ireland, thinks he can live here "for a song," or so cheaply as to be almost for a song, he is greatly mistaken. It is true that things are in general much cheaper here than in America, but not so cheap as people in America think. Enemies of the tariff imagine that clothing of all kinds can be bought here for about one-third of the price for which it can be bought in the United States. This is a great mistake. About silks and materials made of silk, I do not profess to know much; but can confidently say that boots and shoes, and all goods made of cotton, are quite as dear here as in the United States. You cannot get ready-made cotton shirts here worth anything for less than four shillings, or a dollar apiece. It seems to me that boots and shoes are somewhat dearer here than in America. I bought a pair of laced boots last week of by no means the best quality, and paid thirteen shillings, or $3.25 for them. But in woolen goods there is a great difference in the price here and in America; but still the difference is not nearly so great as is generally supposed on your side of the Atlantic. Woolen clothing is about 25 per cent cheaper here than in Chicago; but the difference in price is caused principally by the low wages paid to tailors here. I paid three pounds five, or $16.25, for a business suit made to order some weeks ago, but I have got such a suit made to order in New York for $21. Ladies wear, such as silks, velvets, trimmings of all kinds, and all kinds of what may be called fancy dry goods, are certainly from 25 to 30 per [illegible] States. Carpets and furnitures of about all kinds are quite as dear here as in America. Carpets are, so far as I can find out, the only kind of woolen goods that are absolutely as cheap in the United States as here. I was in the carpet trade for many years, know something about it, and can confidently say that taking all kinds of carpeting, and drawing an average, it is fully as dear here as it is with you, in spite of the very high protective tariff on carpets in America.

As to the prices of food and provisions, of all kinds, there is, taking things in general, not over 5 per cent difference in the prices here and in Chicago; but the difficulty is to find out on which side the 5 per cent lies, whether things are 5 per cent higher in Dublin than in Chicago, or whether they are 5 per cent higher in Chicago than in Dublin. Meat and flour are, of course, higher here than with you; but the difference is, after all, slight. If dealers here pay something more for the raw materials of their trade, they are content with smaller profits than American dealers get, and, consequently, the difference in the retail prices of provisions here and in America, is very small. You can buy the best Irish beef here for from five to seven pence per pound by the joint; mutton for about the same. Pork is by far the dearest kind of meat here at present, being all round, at least by retail, 10 per cent dearer than beef or mutton. But where the people of this country have the real advantage over Americans, as far as comestibles are concerned, is in bread. No other city in the world can boast of such bread as Dublin can. In spite of the fact that flour is from 5 to 7½ per cent cheaper all over America than it is here, I am quite sure that one can buy a better and heavier loaf here for 5 cents, than in any city in America. The three penny loaf must weigh 2¼ lbs bread. But it is the quality of the bread here, more than its cheapness, that makes it a blessing to rich and poor. No private families in this city bake their own bread, as they do so often in America, and even in England. They would not gain anything by it; for the bakers furnish bread of such a quality as no private family could bake, fully as cheap as an inferior quality could be produced from private ovens. English and Scotch people have been often heard to say that Dublin bakers had some secret for making good bread that no other bakers had. It is a fact that Dublin bread is the best in the world. As a proof of this, it need only be mentioned that hardly any one here eats toast. The bread is so good that it would be almost a sin to toast it. One could live on bread and butter here and get as fat as a stalled ox. Butter, that is the best quality, sells in Dublin for one shilling and three pence a pound; just about the retail price of it in the cities of the Eastern states. Justice compels me to say that American creamery butter is quite as good as the butter here; but there is no baker's bread to be had in any part of America so good as the bread in Dublin.

But it is in house rent that a family of moderate means has the advantage in this country. Rents either of houses or of apartments are not much more than one-third of what they are in New York, or in any large American city. One can get as good a house for $250 a year here as for $800 in New York, or probably in Chicago. I was visiting a friend lately who lives in one of the best of the suburbs of Dublin, Rathgar; he has a ten apartment house for $250 a year, including taxes, together with a good garden, and all the conveniences of a house of a similar kind in an American city. Very few private houses in the best quarters of this city or suburbs, let for more than $500 or at the outside $600 a year. Comparatively few people here own their own houses. Even the rich, well-to-do traders and merchants, seldom own the houses they live in. Rents are, as a rule, so low that they can employ their money more profitably in their business than in building houses for themselves; and besides, there is so comparatively little movement in real estate that even if the owner of the ground were willing to sell it, there are not many inducements for business people to build houses to live in. Very few of the owners of land in Dublin and its suburbs, are willing to sell for building purposes. They will lease it sometimes for a long term of years, but are very seldom willing to sell it. This applies to London and all the large cities in these countries, and must have greatly hindered their growth and development. If people with money to spare could buy out lots as they can all over America, there would be much more done in the building line. It probably will come that owners of city property in this country will be as eager to sell it as country landlords are willing to sell their lands; but as yet there is no sign of any change, and owners of real estate in Dublin seem as unwilling to part with it as ever they were. There are thousands of houses in this city that were built on land rented for ninety-nine years, that almost every week are reverting back to the owners of the ground on which they were built. In such cases the landlord generally gives a renewal of the lease to the parties who own the houses, or buys them from the man who built them at a price fixed by the city authorities; but in most instances leases are renewed. One reason why people here do not care very much about buying out city lots, even when the landlord is willing to sell them, is the enormous cost of transferring, or conveyancing landed property in this country. This is one of England's feudal plans for preventing the people from becoming holders of real estate. It was so in regard to farming land up to the passing of the land act, which reduced the cost of transferring landed property to a very small fee; but so far as I can find out, the law-costs attending the sale of city lots is as great as ever.

Notwithstanding political excitement, bad times, decline in [illegible] away from it, is, considering everything, one of the most striking instances of patriotism, pluck, perseverance and never-say-dieism that the world has ever seen. The whole thing can be explained easily. It is the national idea that has caused all. Dublin is now governed by men of whom the vast majority are Nationalists. Heretofore the corporation was made up of men many of whom had no more national feeling than pigs have. It is not so now. Consequently, with all that is yet to be done, and with all that needs to be done, Dublin has become, teking everything into consideration, the most beautiful city for its size in the world.

It is rather late now to say anything about the great tug-of-war matches between the Dublin police and the Glasgow police. You all know, long ago, what magnificent victories the Dublin men scored, showing that Irish muscle is not deteriorating. There is, however, one thing connected with the matter of which compafatively few are aware, and that is that not a man of the so-called Dublin team was born in Dublin. They were all born in the country parts, mostly on farms, and were from all the four provinces of Ireland. This fact shows what a deteriorating effect cities have on the physique of humanity, and that it is the country and not the town, that produces muscle. T.O.R.

A Leading Magazine.

Home and Country for December (Christmas number) is very attractive. Even more so than usual, which is saying a great deal. Its table of contents comprises much that is enjoyable, the selected matter and illustrations being well calculated to please every taste. Among the prominent articles are: "How I Found My New Home," by Carmen Sylva, Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania; "Moose-Hunting in Maine," by George E. Conrad; "Experiences in Central Persia," by Alfred Singerly; "The Journey from A to Izzard—How a Dictionary is Made," by Frank H. Vizetelly; "Piano Virtuosi," by Louise Newell; "Sword Practice for Women," by the Baroness Maria v. Feuchtwanger Erlenthal; and "Development of Metropolitan Journalism and Journalists," by Samuel Jaros. In fiction, "The Ghostly Rider. A Reminiscence of the Rockies." by Frederick K. Nostrand; "The Kiss of the Queen. A Legend," by Estelle Shaw; "Joseph in Egypt. How the Opera Was Written," by Julia Park Kimball; "A Fancy-Dress Ball, A. D. 2000," by Bella J. Ross; and "The Spirit of Christmas," by W. Delano Eastlake, will be read with pleasure. The poetry consists of "A Kiss," by Mary Stowell; "Without Intent," by Marion C. Smith; "For the Children's Sake," by Leon Mead; "A Christmas Wish," by Lalia Mitchell; and "Some Oses," by Neil MacIntyre. The magazine is published monthly by Joseph W. Kay, at No. 53 East Tenth street, New York.

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend Hood's Sasaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

A Short Story, Illustrating the Singular Strength of Affection Which Binds the Humble Peasant of Irish Life to His Foster-Relative.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONCLUDED.]

The night at length was appointed on which the murderous attack must be made. All the dark details were arranged with a deliberation at which, removed as we now are from the sanguinary excitement of the times, the very soul shudders and gets sick.

A secret, however, communicated, even under the most solemn sanction, to a great number, stands a great chance of being no secret at all, especially during civil war, where so many interests of friendship, blood, and marriage, bind the opposing parties together, in spite of the public principles under which they act. Miss Moore's maid had a brother, for instance, who, together with several of his friends and relatives, being appointed to aid in the attack, felt anxious that she should not be present on that night, lest her acquaintance with them might be ultimately dangerous to the assailants. He accordingly sought an opportunity of seeing her, and in earnest language urged her to absent herself from her master's house on the appointed night. The girl was not much surprised at the ambiguity of his hints, for the truth was, that no person, man or woman, possessing common-sense, could be ignorant of the state of the country, or of the evil odor in which Moore and Irwin, and all those who were active on the part of government, were held. She accordingly told him that she would follow his advice, and spoke to him in terms so shrewd and significant, that he deemed it useless to preserve further secrecy. The plot was thus disclosed, and the girl warned to leave the house, both for her own sake and for that of those who were to wreak vengeance upon Moore and his family.

The poor girl, hoping that her master and the rest might fly from impending danger, communicated the circumstances to Miss Moore, who forthwith communicated them to her father, who, again, instead of flying, took measures to collect about his premises, during the early part of the dreaded night, a large and well-armed force from the next military station. Now, it so happened that this girl, whose name was Baxter, had a leaning towards Hewson's foster-brother Finnegan, her fellow servant, who in plain language was her accepted lover. If love will not show itself in a case of danger, it is good for nothing. We need scarcely say that Peggy Baxter, apprehensive of danger to her sweetheart, confided the secret to him also in the early part of the day of attack. Finnegan was surprised, especially when he heard from Peggy that Hewson had been kept in ignorance of the whole design (for so her brother had told her), in consequence of his attachment to her young mistress. There was now no possible way of warding off such a calamity, unless by communicating with Hewson; and this, as Finnegan was a sound United Irishman, he knew he could do without any particular danger. He lost no time, therefore, in seeing him; and we need scarcely say that his foster-brother felt stunned and thunderstruck at the deed that was about to be perpetrated without his knowledge. Finnegan then left him, but ere he reached home, the darkness had set in, and on arriving, he sought the kitchen and its comforts, ignorant, as were indeed most of the servants, that the upper rooms, and out-houses were literally crammed with fierce and well armed soldiers.

Matters were now coming to a crisis. Hewson, aware that there was little time to be lost, collected a small party of his own immediate and personal friends, not one of whom, from their known attachment to him, had been, any more than himself, admitted to a knowledge of the attack upon Moore. Determined, therefore, to be beforehand with the others, he and they met at an appointed place, from whence they went quickly, and with as much secrecy as possible, to Moore's house, for the purpose not only of apprizing him of the fate to which he and his were doomed, but also with an intention of escorting him and all his family as far from his house as might be consistent with the safety of both parties. Our readers are of course prepared for the surprise and capture of honest Hewson and his friends, of whose friendly intentions they are aware. It is too true. Not expecting to find the house defended, they were unprepared for an attack or sally; and the upshot was, that in a few minutes two of them were shot, and most of the rest, among whom was Hewson, taken prisoners on the spot. Those who escaped communicated to the other insurgents an account of the strength with which Moore's house was defended; and the latter, instead of making an attempt to rescue their friends, abandoned the meditated attack altogether, and left Hewson and his party to their fate. A gloomy fate that was. Assertions and protestations of their innocence were all in vain. An insurgent party were expected to attack the house, and of course they came, headed by Hewson himself, who, as Moore said, no doubt intended to spare none of them but his daughter, and her only, in order that she might become a rebel's wife. Irwin, too, his rival in love and his foe in politics, was on the court-martial, and what had he to expect? Death; and nothing but the darkness of the night prevented his enemies from putting it into immediate execution upon him and his companions.

Hewson maintained a dignified silence; and upon seeing his friends guarded from the hall, where they were now assembled, into a large barn, he desired to be placed along with them.

"No," said Moore, "if you are a rebel ten times over, you are a gentleman; you must not herd with them; and besides, Mr. Hewson, with great respect to you, we shall place you in a much safer place. In the highest room, in a house unusually high, we shall lodge you, out of which if you escape, we will say you are an innocent man. Frank Finnegan, show him and those two soldiers up to the observatory; get him refreshments, and leave him in their charge. Guard his door, men, for you shall be held responsible for his appearance in the morning."

The men, in obedience to these orders, escorted him to the door, outside of which was their station for the night. When Frank and he entered the observatory, the former gently shut the door, and, turning to his foster-brother, exclaimed in accents of deep distress, but lowering his voice, "There is not a moment to be lost; you must escape."

"That is impossible," replied Hewson, "unless I had wings and could use them."

"We must try," returned Frank; "we can only fail—at the most they can only take your life, and that they'll do at all events."

"I know that," said Hewson, "and I am prepared for it."

"Hear me," said the other; "I will come up by and bye with refreshments, say in about half an hour; be you stripped when I come. We are both of a size; and as these fellows don't know either of us very well, I wouldn't say but you may go out in my clothes. I'll hear nothing," he added, seeing Hewson about to speak; "I'm here too long, and these fellows might begin to suspect something. Be prepared when I come. Good bye, Mr. Hewson," he said aloud, as he opened the door; "in throth an' conscience I'm sorry to see you here, but that's the consequence of turnin' rebel against King George, an' glory to him—*soon and sudden*," he added in an undertone. "In about half an hour I'll bring you up some supper, sir. Keep a sharp eye on him," he whispered to the two soldiers, giving them at the same time a knowing and confidential wink; "these same rebels are like eels, an' will slip as aisily through your fingers—an' the devil's bitther one yez have in there;" and as he spoke, he pointed over his shoulder with his inverted thumb to the door of the observatory.

Much about the time he had promised to return, a crash was heard upon the stairs, and Finnegan's voice in a high key exclaiming, "The curse o' blazes on you for stairs, an' hell *presume* all the rebels in Europe, I pray heavens this night! There's my nose broke between you all!" He then stooped down, and in a torrent of bitter imprecations—all conveyed, however, in mock oaths—he collected and placed again upon the tray on which they had been, all the materials for Hewson's supper. He then ascended, and on presenting himself at the prisoner's door, the blood was copiously streaming from his nose. The soldiers—who by the way were yeomen—on seeing him, could not avoid laughing at his rueful appearance—a circumstance which seemed to nettle him a good deal.

"Yez may laugh!" he exclaimed, "but I'd hould a wager I've shed more blood for his majesty this night than either of you ever did in your lives! May hell renounce all rebels anyhow!"

This only heightened their mirth, in the midst of which he entered Hewson's room; and ere the action could be deemed possible, they had exchanged clothes.

"Now," said he, "fly. Behind the garden Miss Moore is waiting for you; she knows all. Take the bridle-road through the broad bog, an' get into Capt. Conroy's demesne. Take my advice, too, an' go both of you to America, if you can. But aisy. God forgive me for pullin' you by the nose instead of shakin' you by the hand, and me may never see you more."

The poor fellow's voice became unsteady with emotion, although the smile at his own humor was upon his face at the time.

"As I came in with a bloody nose," he proceeded, giving that of Hewson a fresh pull, "you know you must go out with one. An' now God's blessin' be with you! Think of one who loved you as none else did."

The next morning there was uproar, tumult, and confusion in the house of the old loyalist magistrate, when it was discovered that his daughter and the butler were not forthcoming. But when, on examining the observatory, it was ascertained that Finnegan was safe and Hewson gone, no language can describe the rage and fury of Moore, Irwin, and the military in general. Our readers may anticipate what occurred. The noble fellow was brought to the drum-head, tried, and sentenced to be shot where he stood; but ere the sentence was put into execution, Moore addressed him. "Now, Finnegan," said he, "I will let you off, if you tell us where Hewson and my daughter are. I pledge my honor publicly that I'll save your life, and get you a free pardon, if you enable us to trace and recover them."

"I don't know where they are," he replied, "but even if I did, I would not betray them."

"Think of what has been said to you," added Irwin. "I give you my pledge also to the same effect."

"Mr. Irwin," he replied, "I have but one word to say. When I did what I did, I knew very well that *my* life would go for *his*; an' I know that if he had thought so, he would be standin' now in my place. Put your sentence into execution; I'm prepared."

"Take five minutes," said Moore. "Give him up and live."

"Mr. Moore," said he with a decision and energy which startled them, "I am his foster-brother!"

This was felt to be sufficient; he stood at the appointed place, calm and unshrinking, and at the first discharge fell instantaneously dead.

Thus passed a spirit worthy of a place in a brighter page than that of our humble miscellany, and which, if the writer of this lives, shall be more adequately recorded.

Hewson, finding that the insurgent cause was becoming hopeless, escaped, after two or three other unsuccessful engagements, to America, instigated by the solicitation of his young wife. Old Moore died in a few years afterwards, but he survived his resentment, for he succeeded in reconciling the then government to his son-in-law, who returned to Ireland; and it was found by his will, much to the mortification of many of his relatives, that he had left the bulk of his property to Mrs. Hewson, who had always been his favorite child, and whose attachment to Hewson he had himself originally encouraged.

There are two records more connected with this transaction, with which we shall close. In a northern newspaper, dated some fifteen years afterwards, there occurs the following paragraph:

"AFFAIR OF HONOR—FATAL DUEL.—Yesterday morning, at the early hour of 5 o'clock, a duel was fought between A. Irwin, Esq., and J. Hewson, Esq., of Mooredale, the former of whom, we regret to say, fell by the second fire. We hope the words attributed to one of the parties are not correctly reported. 'The blood of Frank Finnegan is now avenged.'"

The other record is to be found in the churchyard of ——, where there is a handsome monument erected, with the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
FRANK FINNEGAN,

Whose death presented an instance of the greatest Virtue of which human nature is capable:

That of laying down his life for his Friend.

This monument is erected to his memory by
JAMES HEWSON,
His Friend and Foster-brother,

To save whose more unworthy life he nobly sacrificed his own.

[THE END.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Cuirt an Chrosnain.

[AISLEANAMHAIN.]

Thainig trom-chodladh na meisge uirri, agus nuair mhdsgail si, bhi an an canna imthighthe. Bhi an oiread sin bróin uirri, gur bhaith si i féin i n-dit d'ár b'ainm Poll-bán, i bh-foigse mile do Choillte-broncals.

Shaoil uile dhuine anois go raibh canna an leighis le fághail acu i g-cdirt an Chronnáin dá rachadh siad ann. Air maidin, lá air na mhárach, chuaidh go leór daoine go d-ti an chdirt agus fuaireadar uile dhuine a bhi inntí marbh. Chuaidh an ghair amach agus chruinnigh na ceudtha daoine, acht nior fheud aon duine dul astesch mar bhi an chdirt liontá de dheatach, agus tinnteach agus toirneach a' teacht amach aisti.

Chuireadar fios air an t-sagart a bhi i m-Bealach-a'-doirin, acht dubhairt sé, ni'l sé ann mo pharáisde agus ni bhéidh rud air bith agam le deunamh leis. An oidhche sin chonnaire na daoine solas mór annsan g-cdirt agus bhi faitchios ró mhór orra. Lá air na mhárach chuireadar sgeul go sagart go Lios-a'-choill acht, ni thigeadh sé mar nach raibh an ait ann a pharáiste. Cuireadh fios air shagart go Cill-na-bhidh ann sin, acht bhi an leith-sgeul ceudna aige-ean.

Bhi dream bráthair bocht i g-Coillte-máin agus nuair chualadar an sgeul chuadar go dti an chdirt gan duine leo acht iad féin. Nuair chuadar astesch thoisigheadar ag rádh urnuighthe, acht ni fhacadar aon chorp. Faoi cheann tamaill d'imthigh an deatach, sguir an tinnteach agus an toirneach, d'fheagall dorra, agus thainig fear mór amach. Bhreathnuigh na bráithre nach raibh aige acht aon t-súil amháin, agus bhi sí sin ann a chlár-eudain.

"Ann ainm Dé cia thú?" ar fear de na bráithribh. "Is me Cronnán mac Bheldir na sdile nimhe, ná biodh aon fhaitchios orraibh, ni dheunfad aon anachain orraibh, mar is deighfhir misneamhla sibh. Tá na daoine do bhi ann so imthighthe chum sualmhais siorruidhe, anam agus corp. Tá fios agam go bh-fuil sibh bocht agus go bh-fuil go leor daoine bocht timchioll orraibh. Seo dhaoibh dá sporán, ceann acu dhaoibh féin, agus ceann eile le roinn air na bochtaibh, agus nuair a bhéidheas an méad sin caithte, tigidh aris. Ni de'n t-saoghal so mise, acht ni dheunfad anachain do dhuine air bith mur (muna) n-deunfaidh siad orm-sa é 'd-tosach, agus comghbhughidh naim."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonial.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.

374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago. St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing beyond hereasy, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

On the 14th ult., Mr. Bartholomew McDonald died at his residence, Bailey's New street, Waterford, after a protracted illness, and fortified by the rites of the church. Mr. Bartholomew McDonald was for many years officially connected with the Waterford Steamship company. His death is deeply mourned by his family and numerous friends. After the funeral obsequies, his remains were taken out for interment in Ballybricken at 1 o'clock.

THE WEAKEST SPOT in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be guaranteed.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.50.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.50

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.50

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.50.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.50

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 2.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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NATIONAL SALONS GATHER ONCE MORE AT THE CAPITAL CITY.

Admiring Friends of Senators Testify Their Esteem by Covering Their Desks with Fragrant Flowers—The President's Message Received and Read.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The first senate session of the Fifty-third congress convened at high noon pursuant to the constitutional provisions. "The inaudible and noiseless foot of time" had apparently tripped lightly through the lives of senators during the brief vacation period and brighter faces greeted one another than when thirty odd days ago, tired and showing signs of a parliamentary struggle unequalled in the history of the government, the representatives of the state left the national capital. All traces of that memorable battle seemed effaced and the greeting amongst senators bore the evidence of warm fraternal friendship and personal regard.

Changes Made in the Chamber.

The chamber presented a handsome appearance arrayed in its winter apparel. A Brussels carpet, pleasing to the eye and soft to the touch, had supplanted the light china matting which covered the floor during the recent extraordinary session. Highly polished desks and chairs awaited senatorial use, while the happy owners of sixteen smiling little faces sat on the steps of each side of the vice president's rostrum eager to carry out the wishes of the senators. On some of the desks were floral designs, and flowers whose fragrance sweetened the atmosphere and lent an additional charm to the scene.

Remembered with Fragrant Flowers.

On the desk of the vice president reposed a basket of roses while a handsome floral horse shoe awaited Senator Voohees, the gift of admiring Indiana friends, who also remembered his colleague, Senator Turpie. Bunches of roses lay on the desk of Senator Dolph and the doughty champion of the white metal, Senator Stewart, was the recipient of a basket of Marechal Neil roses. Senators Harris, Berry, Proctor, Hansbrough and others were favored with flowers. In the galaries a large crowd had gathered to witness the opening of the session and the bright colors in the ladies' gowns and bonnets were the more conspicuous because of the somber housed background. As the massive clock over the main entrance announced the hour of 12 o'clock, the blind chaplain was led up to the vice president's desk and after an eloquent prayer, while all senators present in the chamber remained standing, Vice President Stevenson called the senate to order.

Business Opens.

At the suggestion of Sherman the roll of the senate was called and fifty-six senators responded. The usual resolutions notifying the house of representatives of the meeting of the senate and the resolution for a committee of two senators to join a similar committee of the house to wait upon the president of the United States and inform him that congress had assembled and was ready to receive any communication he may desire to make, were offered and agreed to. The chairman appointed McPherson and Sherman as the committee on the part of the senate. After a resolution had been adopted that the hour of daily meeting of the senate shall be 12 o'clock m., on the motion of Harris, a recess at 12:10 was taken for one hour to enable the committee to wait on the president.

Heard the Message Read.

At the expiration of the recess at 1:10 p. m. the senate resumed its session and a message from the house of representatives informed the senate that a quorum of the house was present and of the appointment of a committee to join a similar committee of the senate previously appointed to wait upon the president. Then another recess of twenty minutes was taken upon the motion of Harris. Promptly at 1:30 senate resumed its session, and McPherson of the committee to wait upon the president, appeared at the bar of the senate and announced that the president would immediately communicate with the house in writing. Secretary Pruden at once stepped forward and delivered the message, and it was laid before the senate by the vice president, who directed its reading.

MEETING OF THE HOUSE.

The Galleries Crowded to Overflowing with Spectators.

The encircling galleries of the house, except those reserved for the president and diplomatic corps, which looked gloomy and vacant, were filled to overflowing with eager and expectant persons when Speaker Crisp, dignified and stately, ascended the rostrum at high noon and rapped the regular session of the Fifty-first congress to order. Fully three hundred members were in their seats. Conspicuous upon the floor were the two vacant chairs of Representative O'Neill of Pennsylvania, the father of the house, and his colleague, Lilly, the representative at large from the Keystone state. Their desks were draped in black and covered with floral tributes. Among the distinguished visitors on the floor when the house convened was ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan. Rev. Bagby, in his invocation, referred feelingly to the death of "Father" O'Neill and Mr. Lilly. According to the rule at the opening of the session the speaker then directed the clerk to call the roll in order to officially ascertain the presence of a quorum. The roll call showed 240 members present.

Grosvenor, of Ohio, then escorted H. S. Bundy, of Ohio, elected to succeed the late Representative Enochs, to the bar of the house and the speaker with uplifted hand administered the oath of office to him. The formal resolutions necessary to set the wheels of the legislative machine in order were adopted, the first by Sayers, notifying the senate that a quorum was present in the house and that it was ready to proceed to business, and the second by Wilson for the appointment of a committee of three to join a like committee of the senate and inform the president that congress was ready to receive any communication he had to make.

The speaker appointed Wilson, Outhwaite and Burrows. Griffon, the successor of the late Mr. Chipman of Detroit was sworn in, and following this various reports of bureau officers were taken from the speaker's table and formally laid before the house. At 1.25 the committee appointed by the house marched down the aisle and faced Wilson, the chairman, and announced that they had discharged their duty, and that the president had said that he would immediately communicate a message in writing.

At 1:35 p. m. Mr. Pruden, the White House executive clerk, appeared with the president's message and Speaker Crisp immediately laid it before the house. Clerk Kerr read it in a clear voice. The galleries remained silent and the members, leaning forward in their chairs, listened attentively to Mr. Cleveland's views as they fell from the lips of the clerk of the house.

POINTS IN THE MESSAGE.

A Synopsis of the Document Which Was Sent to Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—President Cleveland's message to congress contains 15,000 words, about one-third of which are devoted to the usual review of our foreign relations, which, as usual, are friendly with no important issues pending, except as to Hawaii, with reference to which he communicates nothing already known, but approves what has so far been done. He announces that he will not recognize Mello, the Brazilian rebel, at present and the tone of his reference to that matter indicates that he is not impressed favorably with Mello's cause. He promises more about Hawaii in another message.

The message disapproves the doctrine of asylum as interpreted by Patrick Egan, late minister to Chile. The passage of the silver purchase bill is a subject for congratulation, but the message has no definite suggestions as to a permanent financial policy. The president speaks vigorously of frauds in the pension list and approves all that has been done by the pension bureau recently to purge the list. He is more than ever impressed with the advantages of civil service reform and says in substance that the reform bill was passed, not because congress believed in it, but to catch the independent vote, and he raps the knuckles of those who have "covertly" and otherwise attempted to embarrass the reform.

The message advocates economy in public expenditures; refers to the Chinese exclusion question without recommendation, the Samoan question in like manner, and gives summaries of the reports of the treasury, army, navy, postoffice, interior and justice departments, generally concurring in the recommendations therein made. The tariff question is reserved to the last and he approves the Wilson bill, saying that the ways and means committee have wisely embraced in their plan a few additional internal revenue taxes, "including a small tax upon income derived from certain corporate investments," which, though not exactly correct, as the question has not been decided, serves the purpose of showing that the president approves the plan.

The following paragraph is contained in this part of the message: "While we should stanchly adhere to the principle that only the necessity of revenue justifies the imposition of the tariff duties and other federal taxation, and that they should be limited by strict economy, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up among us which in justice and fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergencies of our government actually demand."

Tariff reform, he says, is "an opportunity and a duty, and in his opinion the "interest of labor is certainly, though indirectly, involved" in this. A paragraph in the financial part of the message suggests tentatively a new bond law, so that the treasury reserve may be replenished. The suggestion is considered as meaning that when the desired amendment is obtained bonds will be issued.

Kansas People Are in Want.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 4.—As a result of the recent cold weather and storms people living on the prairies in Wichita, Lane and Greeley counties are appealing for aid with which to buy fuel. At many of the railroad stations there was little coal for sale and this has been bought by merchants and people in the towns, while many families living on the bleak plains will freeze unless help is secured at once. If the snow storm continues railroad traffic will be blocked and in that event great suffering will follow.

Not a House Left Standing.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—The second edition of The Times published a dispatch from its correspondent at Teheran, who has just visited Kuchan, the town which was recently destroyed by an earthquake which caused terrible loss of life. The Times correspondent says that Kuchan is a heap of ruins, and that not a house is standing; he adds that the scene is indescribable, bodies still being recovered and the smell from the putrification is overpowering.

Coinage of Gold at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1.—The coinage of gold at the Philadelphia mint during the past two months, was one of the largest in the history of Uncle Sam's money making institution, about $15,000,000 being coined. Under orders from the secretary of the treasury two months ago, the mint was required to turn out $15,000,000 in gold by Dec. 1. All the presses were put to work, and overtime has been made, the operators working at night in order to comply with the secretary's mandate.

Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—The Haymarket Theatre building caught fire from somebody's carelessness, and the flames were not controlled by the firemen until at the expiration of nearly two hours' hard work, in which the men were greatly hampered by the extreme cold and a serious lack of water pressure. The auditorium was not badly damaged, but all the tenants of the building lost heavily.

"Bad Jimmy" Connorton Dead.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—James W. Connorton, a Chicago character who was well known under the sobriquet of "Bad Jimmy," died at his home, 143 Seminary avenue, of consumption. Connorton's most celebrated exploit was the killing of "Doc" Haggarty, a gambler, in Lansing & McGarigle's saloon on Clark street, Sept. 20, 1890.

La Grippe Prevalent in Colorado.

DENVER, Dec. 5.—La grippe has again visited Colorado, Denver and many other towns throughout the state are suffering severely from the disease. Typhoid fever and typhoid pneumonia is reported at Cripple Creek and other mining camps. At Cripple Creek the number of deaths per day is reported at five to six.

Heavy Failure in New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Abe Stein & Co., importer of goat skins, hides, etc., has been placed in the hands of a receiver. The house is the largest in its line in the United States and probably in the world, doing a business of $5,000,000 a year. Liabilities $1,000,000, with large assets.

Failure at Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 2.—Fite, Lyles & Davis of this city have assigned. It is one of the largest wholesale dry goods firms in Nashville. Liabilities, $155,000; assets, $130,000.

PLEA FOR THE IDLE

Gov. Lewelling Denounces the Kansas Police Laws.

THE VAGRANT STATUTES BRANDED.

A Scoring for All Rules That Put an Involuntary Idle Man on the Rock Pile or Punish Him for Being Out of Work—Voluntary Idleness Not a Crime and Diogenes and Columbus Cited in Illustration.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 5.—A special to The Times from Topeka, Kas., says: One of the most remarkable circulars ever issued by the executive of any state has been sent out by Governor Lewelling. The letter is addressed to all boards of police commissioners in Kansas, and practically renders nugatory all vagrant laws. After reciting the hardships of the poor in olden times, speaking specially of the reign of Elizabeth and in France just previous to the revolution, the governor reviews the present condition of affairs among the poorer classes in this country.

Gives the Laws a Going Over.

He scores the laws now on the statute books, which call the man out of work and penniless a "confidence man." Speaking of the vagrancy law of Kansas he says: "It separates men into two distinct classes, differentiated as those who are penniless and those who are not, and declares the former criminals. Only the latter are entitled to the liberty guranteed by the constitution. To be found in a city 'without visible means of support or some legitimate business,' is the involuntary condition of some millions at this moment, and under the law we proceed to punish them for being victims to conditions which we as a people have forced upon them."

Every Man Has a Right to Travel.

The circular then continues as follows: "I have noticed in police court reports that 'sleeping in a box car' is among the varieties of this heinous crime of being poor. Some police judges have usurped a sovereign's power not permitted the highest functions of the states or of the nation, and the victims of industrial conditions have been peremptorily 'ordered to leave town.' The right to go freely from place to place in search of employment or even in obedience to a mere whim is part of that personal liberty guaranteed by the constitution of the United States to every human being on American soil.

NO CRIME TO BE A DIOGENES.

A Blast Against the Rock Pile and Bull Pen for the Idle.

"Even voluntary idleness is not forbidden. If a Diogenes prefers poverty, if a Columbus chooses hunger and the discovery of a new race, rather than seek personal comfort by engaging in 'some legitimate business' I am aware of no power in the legislature or in the city councils to deny him the right to seek happiness in his own way, so long as he harms no other person. If men commit offenses let them be arrested and punished, whether rich or poor; but let simple poverty cease to be a crime.

"In some cities it is provided by ordinance that if police court fines are not paid or secured the culprit shall be compelled to work out the amount as a municipal slave, and 'rock piles' and 'bullpens' are provided for the enforcement of these ordinances. And so it appears that this slavery is not imposed as a punishment, but solely as a means of collecting a debt.

"Such city ordinances are in flagrant violation of constitutional prohibitions. The 'rock pile' and the 'bull pen' should never have been used in degrading the friendless and poor. Let these twin relics of the departed auction-block era cease to disgrace the cities of Kansas, and in the dawn of Christmas day let the 'rock pile' and the 'bull pen' and the crime of being homeless and poor be obsolete in all the cities of Kansas governed by the metropolital police act.

"It is confidently expected that their own regard for constitutional liberty and their humane impulses will induce police commissioners to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the foregoing suggestions."

TUG SUNK IN A STORM.

Its Crew Taken Off Safely by Another Steamer.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—The Dunham Towing and Wreck company's tugs W. R. Crowell and T. T. Morford were sent to the relief of the freight steamer F. F. Wheeler, which was ashore near Michigan City. Everything went well until the tugs were within seven miles of Michigan City in midlake, when the Crowell sprang a big leak and began rapidly to fill. The pumps were manned, but the water gained so fast that death was staring them in the face.

The Crowell was ahead and the Morford not in sight when the grim fact became apparent, and many anxious looks were cast behind for the Morford. Happily the lights of the Morford were soon seen. She was signalled and with great difficulty came along side in a sea that made it impossible to close up. The Crowell's men, however, were all safely transferred and as the Morford drew away the Crowell gave a lurch and went to the bottom. She was valued at $18,000. Half an hour's delay would have lost the lives of the whole crew.

The Alien Contract Labor Law.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The United States supreme court has rendered an opinion which, while affirming the constitutionality of the alien contract labor law, will embarrass to some extent the practical enforcement of the law. The court holds that the act is valid, but that when the accused parties are compelled to give evidence against themselves in a criminal proceeding their constitutional rights are violated, and hence reversed a decision which fined two Pennsylvanians $1,000 for importing a mill hand from England.

Texas Papers Proscribed.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 5.—The Herald and Tribune, both afternoon papers in this city have been proscribed in Mexico. The carriers were met at the International line by police officers and their papers taken from them. Both these papers have heretofore declared there was no disturbances in Mexico.

Returned in a Terrible Condition.

WAUSAU, Wis., Dec. 5.—William Odette, the murderer who broke jail Friday, has been captured. He was returned to jail in a terrible condition, having frozen both feet in trying to escape.

SENATOR JONES ON SILVER.

No Revival of Business Because of the Action of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—Senator Jones of Nevada, who has spent the greater part of the time since the adjournment of the extra session in New York, has returned to Washington. He says that his observation of financial affairs confirms him in the opinion expressed by himself and other all ver advocates prior to the passage of the bill repealing the silver purchasing act that there would be no material revival of business because of that action of congress.

He finds that some men, who have been hoarding their money since the panic began, are showing a disposition to put it out for gilt-edged securities, feeling that it is better to have a small income from capital than to keep it lying idle, but that the disposition is against taking risks and as a consequence there is little doing looking to the extension of the industrial interests of the country. This is attributed to the small volume of the currency, to the fact that persons with money will not make investments when prices are falling. Senator Jones says he does not expect to see any legislation which will materially benefit silver during the present administration.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION.

The War Secretary's Remarks About Colleges and the Militia.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—In his annual report Secretary of War Lamont says that a growing interest in military instruction at colleges and schools is noted. In 1890-1 7,306 students were reported under instruction by army officers at these institutions. In 1892-3 the number was 10,970, a gain of 42 per cent. The secretary of war recommends that military instruction by army officers be extended to the high schools of the larger cities.

The latest returns report an organized militia of 112,567 in the state, of whom in round numbers 6,000 are in the artillery arm, maintained by thirty-four states, and 5,000 in the cavalry, maintained by twenty-four states. Requests for the cooperation and assistance of the federal government in the equipment and instruction of the militia are greater than ever in time of peace and are the index of an intelligent interest in the nation's military growth and progress.

FRANCIS JOSEPH CELEBRATES.

Forty-Five Years Ago He Was Crowned Emperor of Austria.

VIENNA, Dec. 4.—The emperor celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his coronation. Francis Joseph was a schoolboy then. He is a white-haired veteran now. And his realm has equally changed from being the very citadel of old conservatism to being the forward camp of advanced liberalism among the continental monarchies. His reign began amid the throes of a would-be revolution, soon sternly repressed. Today sees each of the two halves of this vast realm on the point of taking peacefully a step far in advance of the wildest dreams of the men of 1848, and a step of which the initiative was given by no other than the emperor himself.

Admiral Mello Leaves Rio.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—The Exchange Telegraph company's dispatch confirms the report that Admiral de Mello has left Rio de Janeiro with a portion of his fleet in order to intercept the vessels which President Piexoto expects to reinforce him. It is added, however, that there was some desperate fighting between the rebel ships and the forts at the entrance of the harbor which still remain loyal to the government. The fire of the forts, chief of which is Fort Santa Cruse, was so well directed that the rebel ships had much difficulty in crossing the bar, and only did so after Admiral de Mello's flagship had been severely damaged.

New Policy of Savings Banks.

CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—Savings banks of Chicago Jan. 1, 1894, will inaugurate a policy which is of great interest alike to their depositors and the general public They will reduce the rate of interest on savings deposits from 4 to 3 per sent. on all new accounts. Six months later they will apply the reduction to all savings accounts on their books. This will be done under an agreement entered into by the banks. The extreme difficulty of obtaining an interest for money sufficiently large to justify the payment of 4 per cent. is the chief of several reasons for the reduction.

Smallpox in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 4.—The smallpox scourge in Clinton county has broken out in a fresh place there, Dr. Scott of the board of health reporting a new case as appearing in Mascoutah, that county. Necessary instruction and vaccine points were sent and a quarantine ordered placed on the locality at once if deemed necessary. The cases in Pike county have been gotten under control and no further spread is anticipated in that locality. Chicago still continues to develop new cases, but few deaths, however, are occurring there from the pest.

Looking for a Battle.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 1.—A Deming dispatch says: It is admitted by both sides that a battle between the rebels and the government forces will be fought near Ascencion within a few days. There are now 300 soldiers stationed at the town of Ascencion and 100 more will reach here. The rebels, under command of Cruz Chaves, are encamped in the mountains near by and have plenty of ammunition and firearms and are fearless and determined.

War Against the Lottery.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 1.—County Attorney Cobb, of Wyandotte county, has petitioned District Judge Alden for injunctions restraining a number of lottery companies from doing business within the jurisdiction of the court. Judge Alden some time ago held that lotteries were common nuisances and has granted injunctions restraining twelve dealers from carrying on their business.

More Trouble for Haughey.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 1.—Theodore P. Haughey, president of the defunct Indianapolis National bank, has been sued by the receiver on three notes amounting to nearly $15,000. It appears that only a few days before the bank closed its doors Mr. Haughey took the money from the bank's vaults and substituted his personal notes unsecured, which the receiver now sues for.

Morning Has Inside Information.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The Morning asserts that Patrick Reed, who was murdered in Dublin, was an informer and adds that some dangerous Irish-Americans arrived

STATE INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS NOTES WHICH WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST.

Events Which Have Happened in the Prairie State During the Week Received by Telegraph—Home News Gathered for the Perusal of Our People.

ALTON, Ills., Dec. 4.—The affray between United States Consul John W. Coppinger and Colonel A. L. Rodgers is greatly deplored by the friends of each. Coppinger's statement has been obtained and is to the effect that he did not come here by appointment with Congressman Forman on business concerning the postoffice candidates, but to attend to some private affairs. He did not even know Forman was coming until he heard he was in the city, and when he went into Doran's saloon the idea of a conference being in progress there had not entered his head.

Though his argument with Colonel Rodgers was heated he had no idea of trouble until Colonel Rodgers struck him with his cane and attempted to strike the second blow. With the blood streaming down and blinding him and dazed from the force of the blow received he with the natural instinct of self-preservation drew his revolver and fired in self-defense. Coppinger slept none that night and suffered much from the wound on his head. Rodgers rested easily and is about his home. News has been received from Rodgers to the effect that he will not prosecute Coppinger.

CAUSED BY A POOR TRACK.

A Railway Wreck in Illinois in Which Four Persons Are Hurt.

NEWTON, Ills., Dec. 1.—The eastbound passenger train on the Indiana and Illinois Southern, leaving here at 7:20 in the morning, was derailed a mile east of this city, two cars composing the train rolling down an embankment. The following were injured: Mrs. Helen Herron, Odin, Ills., and two children; J. R. Gouley, Terre Haute, Ind., and E. T. Jean, Mount Vernon, Ills. The accident was the result of a poor track. The road was notified some time ago by the state railway commission that if it did not make certain repairs the road would be closed.

Murdered and Placed on the Rails.

COLLINSVILLE, Ills., Dec. 2.—The horribly mangled remains of a man found by the side of the Vandalia tracks near the station here have been identified as those of Mike Wasches, a Russian miner, and he is generally believed to have been the victim of foul play. Twenty yards from where the body was first found was picked up a big butcher knife with a long, well-worn blade. A close examination of the body showed deep knife-wounds in the body and head, neck and arm. The knife fitted them all.

Trial of Shelles and Daughter.

LINCOLN, Ills., Dec. 1.—The trial of William Shelles and his daughter Ida on a charge of concealing and receiving stolen goods developed new testimony against Van Meter, Woodward and Howe, now in jail awaiting the action of the grand jury for attacking the railway train on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railway. Shelles was held to bail in the sum of $400 and his daughter's price of liberty was fixed at $200, which neither could give.

Was a Bad Time to Strike.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Dec. 1.—The McLean County Coal company shaft, operated by a company of which Vice President Stevenson is president, and which was idle on account of the strike of fifty mule drivers and outside help, has resumed with full force. There were hundreds of applications for the places vacated by the strikers.

Situation in the Lehigh Strike.

Another Building Association Opinion.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 5.—Attorney General Moloney has given an opinion that the by-law providing for non-participation in the profits of loan and building associations by members who withdraw before being members a year is legal, but very unreasonable.

Vandalism by College Boys.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Dec. 1.—Freshmen of the college broke into the college chapel and smeared red paint over every chair in the room. Chapel services were not held in consequence for the first time in years. The faculty is trying to find the perpetrators, who will be summarily dealt with if caught.

Tried to Assassinate a Farmer.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Dec. 1.—As John Corrington, a wealthy farmer living near here, was going to bed four shots were fired at him through the window by some unknown miscreant. Corrington was not hit.

Viking Ship at Cairo.

CAIRO, Ills., Dec. 4.—The Viking ship has arrived here and was saluted by the blowing of whistles and firing of cannon from the craft in the harbor. The Viking was visited by many people.

Ex-Legislator of Illinois Is Dead.

MINONK, Ills., Dec. 1.—Hon. J. D. Webber died yesterday, aged 68. He was a member oft he Illinois legislature from 1872 to 1874, from the Twentieth district.

Appointment by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 1.—Governor Altgeld has appointed Mary Moran deputy state factory inspector, vice Mrs. Annie Burke, resigned.

What is a "Line" of Railway?

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The most important subject discussed in the report of the interstate commerce commission is that referring to the question: "What is a "line" of railway? The courts have decided that a "line" is one railway, while the commissioner has decided uniformily that a "line" is the whole route over which goods are billed—from point of shipment to ultimate destination. The commissioner asks congress to decide this point and makes a number of other recommendations.

Dismissal Due to Mrs. Lease.

OLATHE, Kas., Dec. 5.—Warfare that has been going on among the head officers of the deaf and dumb institution of this city for two months, has resulted in the discharge by the board of charities of Steward T. L. Dixon and his wife, the matron. Judge Dixon denounces Mrs. Lease in connection with his dismissal and in an interview said he would soon "expose her doings." "When I get through exposing her," he vehemently declared, "no political party will claim her." Dixon is high in the councils of the Populist party.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Short Paragraphs About the Happenings of a Week.

Fire is raging in the Pewabic mine at Iron Mountain, Mich. Unless it is soon extinguished hundreds of miners will be among the unemployed.

Charles Lord, New York clubman, 23 years old and possessed of an independent fortune, committed suicide by putting a bullet in his brain.

Mrs. John L. Reid of Davenport, Ia., deserted her husband and suffering from poverty, hanged herself.

W. A. Weber, 75 years old, was thrown from his wagon by a runaway team near Pana, Ills., and died from the injuries.

Charles Ellsworth was arrested at Portland, Ind., for stabbing Melville Williams a month ago. While being taken to his father's home to get bail he slipped away from the officers and escaped.

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William Hessner fatally shot August Kline and wounded Arthur Lester in a quarrel at Lyford, Ind. Hessner surrendered to the police.

Thomas Mercer stabbed George Stephens in a quarrel over the ownership of some household goods at Ottumwa, Ia. Stephens will die. Mercer was arrested.

James H. Francis, a ticket broker, fell dead on a street at Kansas City. An autopsy developed traces of poison, and the police are investigating.

The Michigan Trust company of Grand Rapids was appointed receiver of the Dowagiac Manufacturing company. The latter is solvent, and has assets amounting to $300,000, but differences among the stockholders caused the move.

James Dunnaway was struck by a train at Portsmouth, O., and cannot live. He is a prominent Democrat and served several terms in the legislature.

Peter Miller, a harness dealer at Terre Haute, Ind., shot and killed himself owing to ill health and depressed spirits.

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Ira Heaton, giving his home as Chicago, was arrested at Stirling, Ills., charged with having stolen two horses and a wagon.

The crew of four on board the coal barge George Merrell were rescued from drowning in the storm near Stamford, Conn.

D. Lightfoot, an old farmer of Kansas City, who was drugged and robbed, committed suicide by swallowing strychnine.

Albert Stricknew, a Fostoria, O., farmer, became insane and tried to kill his family. He was locked up.

A young man giving the name of George Griffin passed off forged checks on two Hillsdale, Mich., stores.

Rev. and Mrs. William P. Chalfant, Presbyterian missionaries who have been at work in north China for nine years, arrived on the steamer Peru at San Francisco.

Van Buren, the man who escaped from the Iowa insane asylum, was found at Baraboo, Wis.

The Pacific Mail steamer City of Peking is reported to have been caught in a typhoon on a voyage to Yokohama.

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Lincoln League clubs of Marion county, Ind., were banqueted by the Columbia club at Indianapolis, and plenty of Republican enthusiasm was on tap.

Nathan Brafford shot John A. Thompson, chief of police at Ripley, O. The wounds are not fatal. Brafford was arrested.

Charles A. Burkett of Logansport, Ind., was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary for stealing ten bushels of seed wheat.

Harry Dawson, claiming to be a plasterer, has been arrested at Cedar Rapids, Ia., by federal officers on the charge of counterfeiting. A full counterfeiter's outfit was found in his room.

Crazed by business troubles O. B. Sawyer, of Palestine, Tex., shot his wife, then killed himself.

John Souder, 12 years old, was accidentally shot by a companion at school at Lancaster, O. He will probably die.

Surgeon Murray gave Brunswick, Ga., double reason for celebrating Thanksgiving by removing the government quarantine around the city.

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John Galbreath, reported lynched in Pennsylvania, appeared at his home in Muncie, Ind., Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Harriet Burrows, aged 57 years serving a life sentence in the eastern Pennsylvania prison for the murder of her husband, committed suicide by hanging herself in her cell.

The Latonia distillery at Cincinnati has resumed operations.

St. Louis Typographical Union No. 8 refused to admit an investigating committee from Central Trade and Labor union. The committee wanted to oust Sheridan Webster, secretary of the Typographical union and a member of the Central union, on the ground that he is a socialist.

The Duke of Cambridge has just completed the fifty-sixth year of his services in the British army.

Mrs. Elisabeth Schutt of Columbus, Ind., was burned to death, her clothing taking fire at a stove.

John Abernathy, 14 years old, was run over and killed by a Baltimore and Ohio train at Carlyle, Ills.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pains in my Stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

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always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"Friend Fritz."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Comedy of Errors."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Country Sport."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Isle of Champagne."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Joseph Jefferson.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jane."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Katie Emmett in "Killarney."

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Primrose & West's Monte Carlos.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SOME SORE DEMOCRAIC EDITORS.

It is evident that the speeches delivered by the various spakers at the Republican mayoral ratification meeting held at Battery D Armory on Monday evening, touched some of the local Democratic editors "on the raw." As a general thing, in political campaigns, bitter criticism is confined to the candidates, but at least one Democratic newspaper—the *Evening Post*—has taken a new departure by directing its vituperative vigor against the campaign speakers of the Republican party. The *Post* is distinguished by an ill-natured attitude, which is hardly characteristic of any other Chicago newspaper. It has "honored" the editor of THE CITIZEN repeatedly with uncalled-for hostility, as he is not conscious of ever having given offense to any of the numerous cranks who compose its editorial staff. From the tone of these attacks we would judge them to be written by some kind of a hard shell, disgruntled Bourbon probably diluted Irish, deeply tarred with the Free Trade stick. Every Saturday this Democratic organ, which, no doubt, Irish-Americans subscribe for in large numbers, contains a vile screed on their alleged peculiarities—supposed to be written in what fools call the "Irish brogue" vernacular—which is an insult to common-sense and a disgrace to respectable journalism. The chief proprietor of the *Post* is, by birth, an Irishman, and ought to have, at least, enough race pride to prevent the libeling of his kindred people in a journal controlled by himself.

But, as we se set out to say, any allusion to the ecomomic policy of the Democratic party makes the average Democratic editor sore. In the speech we delivered at Battery D we anticipated that they would say we avoided the municipal issue in favor of the national. We did nothing of the kind. We alluded to the abuses which Mr. Swift is now trying to eradicate from the City Hall, and which he will succeed in eradicating if he is elected mayor, which we believe he will be. Municipal issues are easily discussed, and can be briefly disposed of by any speaker of ordinary talent. The Republican candidate for mayor discussed them in a sufficiently able and lucid manner, and to ring changes on the same subject would have been in bad taste and extremely tiresome to any intelligent audience.

The great object lesson of the day is, however, the visible ill effect produced upon town and country by the election last November of a Democratic president and congress. The closing of blast furnaces, the shutting down of mills, the abandonment of iron ore mines, the general timidity of capital; hundreds of thousands thrown out of employment—all these evils are the undoubted consequence of Mr. Grover Cleveland's return to power. He, it is true, straddled the radical Free Trade Chicago platform of 1892. The Wilson bill is another straddle of the same character. It satisfies no sensible man, either Republican, Democrat or Populist. It is a bundle of transparent compromises, loosely tied together with Free Trade red tape. The Democratic party, led by Cleveland and the Brigadiers, has abandoned its radical position, which denounced the tariff as a robbery. It is conscious that it has committed a political blunder, and it has sunk to the low level of preferring cowardly expediency to manly principle. It finds itself confronted by hard times, a treasury deficit and general dissatisfaction. It proposes to resort to direct taxation—income taxation; taxation on table necessities, no longer mere luxuries—to make up the deficit created through the public terror inspired by its half repudiated programme. The history of the world bears testimony that direct taxation is the most odious form of a necessary evil. Yet, the Democratic party proposes to resort to it, with limitations at first—afterwards no limitations, and the deluge. What American citizen, having the interest of the whole country at heart, can stand upon a public platform—with manifestations of the ills produced by the Cleveland-Brigadier policy on every side of him—and not allude to the cause that has produced so distressing an effect?

The *Evening Post* can amuse itself by calling Republican speakers hard names and affecting to treat them as political corpses—a description so threadbare that it has lost its former force—but it would seem that Republican "corpses" possess sufficient terror for live Democrats to throw them into a fit of ill temper. Their insolence will find its punishment. The working people of this city, and the country at large, who have been deceived by Bourbon promises, and confounded by Bourbon policy, will chastise treachery and imbecility at the polls. They cannot afford to let the Democratic leaders, who have been so great in promise and so poor in performance, reduce them to charity lodging houses and free soup kitchens. There's the rub. The Democratic bosses well know that if Chicago goes Republican, the next senator, on the expiration of Mr. Cullom's term, will be a Republican, and when the next presidential election occurs, this great State will be redeemed from the curse and blight of the Cleveland-Brigadier hermaphrodite British Free Trade policy, confidence will be restored, and the American people will again become the most prosperous among the nations.

THE BONAPARTES IN LITERATURE.

The recent death in London of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a nephew of the First Napoleon, and a gentleman who held a high place among the literati of Europe, recalls to mind the role played by various members of the famous Corsican family in the field of letters. The Prince, just deceased, was born in Italy, in 1810, shortly after his father, Lucien, had set sail for this country with the intention of settling down here, and sending for his wife and family afterward. On his passage across the Atlantic he was captured by an English cruiser, and was brought in chains as a prisoner of war—France and England were open foes at the time—to Ludlow Castle, England, from which he was released after a few months' incarceration. The younger Lucien received his early education at the hands of a highly intellectual friar, named Meurice, to whom he was much attached.

Lucien's first studies were of a scientific character. Chemistry was his particular favorite. After having assimilated all the theologies of all the known churches of the universe, from that of Christ to that of Confucius, and the philosophies of all the masters in that branch from Plato down to Darwin, he turned his thoughts to languages, and in a very short time acquired a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, Italian, German, English, Swedish, Gaelic and Russian. French was his native language. He was, it may be added, an especial lover of the Gaelic tongue and literature. At an early age he began to purchase rare tomes in all the European languages, and thus started a most remarkable as well as unique library, the 30,000 volumes of which are to be sold at public auction in a few weeks' time in London, for the benefit of his widow. It is considered to be the largest philological collection in the world. It was the Prince's intention years ago to make a collection of books which should represent not only every known language, but also every dialect of every language, but he found human life too short for the accomplishment of such a colossal undertaking. So he eventually confined his task to European languages and dialects, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in this his second enterprise. There are also in his library hundreds of works in non-European languages, but the European collection is the most complete.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte became one of the leading philologists of Europe, and belonged to all the principal learned societies of that continent. Having received a handsome legacy from his father, and an equal handsome annuity from his cousin, Napoleon III, during the latter's reign, he was tempted to lay out his entire fortune on valuable books, and used to pay fancy prices for them. This scholarly enthusiasm left him penniless after the fall of the Empire, when the annuity was withdrawn; but Mr. Gladstone, who was a great admirer of the Prince's erudite qualities, inscribed his name on the English civil list—thus securing him a comfortable pension for the closing years of his career.

A nephew and niece of Prince Lucien, who are Irish by birth, and partly by blood, have long since secured a high reputation for talent in French literature. They are the children of Lucien's sister, the Princess Letitia, who married an ex-Irish diplomat, Sir Thomas Wyse, who had his home in Waterford. The niece, Madame Rattazzi, resides in Paris, and writes a large amount of prose and poetry for French periodicals. One of her published volumes of poetry is entitled "Les Rives de l'Arno," and another "Poesies et Legendes," both of which had a great success in the literary world of Paris. Her brother, William Bonaparte Wyse, who, like Madame Rattazzi, was born in Waterford, wrote a good deal of verse in the Provencal tongue as well as sonnets in English. He died in Cannes, France, in December, 1892.

The great Napoleon himself was an expert at the pen. His letters to Josephine are characterized by a grace of style, and an eloquence which rose at times to a classic level. Some of his speeches, particularly the one which he delivered at the base of the Egyptian Pyramids to his troops, are marvels of genuine oratory, and replete with phrases so strikingly original that they have passed into proverbs in the language of his country. His son, the unfortunate boy King of Rome, was a bright, intelligent lad, and an ardent lover of French literature. His nephew, Napoleon III, was a great admirer of the classics, and grew so fond of Cæsar's Commentaries that he translated them into French in book form. The volume was lauded by impartial critics for its splendid interpretation of the Latin original. Long before he was crowned with the imperial laurels, and lived, or rather vegetated, in an attic in New York, he wrote brilliant articles for an obscure French sheet in that city, but was poorly remunerated. His cousin, Prince Jerome Napoleon, better known, perhaps, as "Plon Plon," wrote a very interesting book of European travels, as well as a standard biography of Napoleon I, the only fault in which is an exaggerated praise of his illustrious uncle—somewhat excusable in a nephew who was very proud of that relationship. On the whole there has been a decided strain, as well as a genius for scholarship and culture, in the mental "make-up" of most members of the Bonaparte family.

THE IRISH PRISONERS.

The man most abhorred by Ireland at present is the "Liberal" English home secretary, Asquith, who is gifted with all of the disagreeable, and none of the agreeable, qualities of a typical Englishman. He is a hard, unfeeling creature, and his presence in Gladstone's cabinet is the best occult vindication of the Parnellites' policy of distrust. As home secretary, Asquith virtually possesses the pardoning power. Before exercising it, however, he would take the premier and the cabinet generally into his confidence. His recommendation, whatever it may be, is generally acted upon, because it seems to be a matter of etiquette among English statesmen to interfere with each other's special departments as little as possible. Therefore, Asquith is primarily responsible for the continued cruel treatment of the remaining Irish political prisoners. Gladstone could, by an earnest word of clemency, change his course or compel his resignation, but that wily old political fox will not do it, because he dreads, or seems to dread, the political effect of such action upon the prejudiced English masses. Justin McCarthy and his associates in parliament are equally responsible with Asquith and the premier for the continued persecution of the political prisoners, who, even if they were guilty as charged, have, in all conscience, suffered enough. Not a human life was sacrificed by their actions, and the only serious damage caused by the London explosions of ten years ago, was the shaking down of some plaster in the Tower, and the demoralization of a few benches and tables in the empty house of commons. The McCarthyites could, by a manly threat, compel the Whigs to terms. Gladstone's tenure of office depends on their votes. True, his overthrow would mean the return of the Tories to power, but the Tories, even in their worst days, could hardly surpass the atrocities committed under Whig sanction recently on the DeFreyne estate in the county Roscommon.

The issue of *United Ireland*, dated Nov. 25, contains the following editorial paragraph: "It was not a very pleasant sight to see Mr. Asquith rising up in his place on Monday to answer the questions addressed to the chief secretary, who was absent through slight illness. By his callous, piggish, and insolent treatment of the amnesty question he has made himself sufficiently detestable to Irish Nationalists, and he might very well leave all Irish matters that are not within his department alone. In reply to Col. Nolan, he admitted that one of the political prisoners who lost the sight of one of his eyes some time ago, underwent in July last an operation by which the diseased eyeball was removed, but he asserted that the prisoner is nevertheless in excellent health, and therefore he did not intend to release him. This is the man who is kept in office by the votes of the seceders who sat as silent as dumb dogs when this brutal answer was given. Perhaps when Gallagher becomes wholly blind Mr. Asquith may think he has suffered enough."

THE brutal evictions, going on in Clare and other Irish counties, attended, as they are, with the usual display of policemen, bailiffs and emergencymen, armed with Winchester repeatin. rifles, are so many significant commentaries on the utter hypocrisy of the Liberal government in its professions of friendship for Ireland. Where now is that much vaunted "union of hearts" that was to have been wrought by the adventing of Mr. Gladstone to power? The Irish people should never have been credulous enough to place confidence in the promises of Whigs. These "base, bloody and brutal" gentlemen, as Daniel O'Connell once called them, can never disguise their traditional hatred of Ireland and her peasantry.

MADAME HENROTIN, the venerable mother of Dr. Henrotin, died in this city recently. She had been a resident of Chicago during nearly fifty years.

THE utterances of the emperor of Germany are becoming daily more and more autocratic. His latest piece bombast is crystalized in the following remark culled from an address to his soldiers: "The soldier should not have a will of his own; but all of you should have one will, and that is *my* will." Kaiser Wilhelm presses the button—his subjects do the rest.

MR. JOHN P. HOPKINS received the nomination of the Democratic party for mayor at the convention held in this city on Dec. 2. He made the usual speech of acknowledgment.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is a member of the English privy council, and a sovereign of the German empire. As British councillor, he has sworn allegiance to Queen Victoria; as king of Coburg he has pledged his loyalty to the Emperor William. The "dook," perched, as he is on the horns of a dilemma, will be in a queer quandry, if ever hostilities break out between England and Germany.

COL. H. F. DONOVAN, of the *Eagle*, who was sick recently in New Orleans, has returned to the city to take part in the campaign as a Democrat.

THE committee of the new Irish Literary Society should not have invited Mr. Arnold Graves to contribute to their series of volumes. This individual is the author of "The Blarney Ballads," a lot of scurrilous anti-Irish verses which were circulated for electioneering purposes in the Tory interest some time ago throughout England. His brother Alfred Percival, the popular Irish poet, has no sympathy with Arnold's grovelling West Britonism.

THE charity ball of the Catholic Women's National League, held at Bourneque's on Nov. 29, was a brilliant success. Nearly all the prominent Catholics of the city and their friends were in attendance.

THE Duchess of Devonshire, who accompanied her husband on his Unionist stumping tour in Belfast, returns to England with a modified idea of Orange honesty. The thieves of Sandy Row made a dead set on her ladyship's ducal luggage, and would have stolen her valuable diamonds were it not for the vigilance of detectives. The Williamite defenders of the empire do not scruple to become pickpockets betimes.

THE Baroness Tautphoeus, who died a few weeks ago in Bavaria, was an Irishwoman whose maiden name was Montgomery. A writer of remarkable talents, she was the first journalist to call the world's attention in the press to the Oberammergau Passion Play, the very existence of which had been previously unknown to outsiders.

A BIOGRAPHY of Charles Stewart Parnell, written and compiled by his widow, is in the press, and will soon be published. Mrs. Parnell has been assisted in the preparation of this volume by Mr. James J. O'Kelly, the London correspondent of the *Irish Daily Independent*.

ENGLISH newspaper scribes who have been denouncing the brutalities of Lobengula, the king of Mashouland, are now forced to eat and swallow their own libels on his majesty, who recently extended his protiction to several English fugitives, whom he could have roasted on a spit if he had been the terrible savage the *Times* represeted him to be.

M. SRULLER, the new French minister of instruction, is an Alsatian by birth, and a journalist by profession. He was the friend and disciple of the late Leon Gambetta, and edited the latter's organ, *La Republique Francaise*. M. Spuller belongs to the Moderate or Opportunist group in the Chamber of Deputies.

THE Rev. James A. Weston, rector of the Episcopal church of Hickory, N. C., is compiling a work which purports proving that Marshal Ney was not shot in the Luxembourg garden, Paris, as currently accepted history describes him, but came to this country in secret exile, and taught scool in North Carolina, where he died. The new author professes to have secured new and valuable information which will more than amply confirm the truth and accuracy of his statements regarding the French marshal.

HEYE is a specimen of dry rot culled from the pages of the Boston *Herald*, a "genuine" true blue American daily: "The house of the late William Astor has lost one of its daughters, and into the house of William Waldorf Astor a little girl has been recently welcomed. 'A real little English girl' is the distinctive title the young lady has already received from her American admirers, who have had the privilege of bowing down to her. That she may some day wear a coronet and gracefully sustain an ancient English title are among the flattering possibilities if she reaches womanhood's estate." American anglomania is becoming a very putrid and offensively smelling plant. Its very presence befouls the atmosphere of this free country.

THE Bank of England, the strongest financial institution of its kind, is under a cloud owing to the defalcations of its cashier. Financial business is in a state of stagnation in the city of London. The daily exposure of commercial frauds has sent a chill down the spines of investors. Corruption of the worst character is rapidly sapping the foundations of society in the British Babylon.

MR. FINTAN LALOR, brother of the late Richard, ex-M. P. for the Queen's county, was one of the most profound political economists of the Young Ireland epoch. At that time he propounded the doctrine of the "Land for the People," of which in later years Mr. Henry George assumed the sole paternity. Mr. George is merely a disciple of the late Fintan Lalor.

NOT IRISHMEN, BUT AMERICANS.

[*New York Sun*].

A correspondent of the *Tribune* asserts that the Irishmen here are at the front in all fields of activity. In his view this prominence is due to their superior genius.

Irishmen, he says, are "the rulers of the magnificent city and state of New York, and of most of the principal cities of the Union, while their place in national politics is constantly broadening." "The time was when an Irish Catholic could not be elected mayor of your great city; now no other can be." "Irish Catholics managed the last presidential campaigns of the two great parties." "The German, French and Italian people constitute a respectable portion of the Catholic church of our country;" but Irishmen "are at its head and control its policy; and an Irishman will yet be Pope." "Fairly educated Americans who are unequal to meet the battle of life are many," but such inefficient persons among "Irishmen of like attainments are few indeed." "In all manly sports Irishmen stand first as individuals." "As statesmen, lawyers, orators, poets and scholars, Irishmen excel." "Where," asks this writer, "are the Germans, English, French and other foreign-born citizens, in American affairs?"

The rapid progress of people of Irish birth in our society is proof of their inherent ability. When they began to come hither in great numbers, they were not held in high esteem. Nearly all of them were poor, and many of them were uneducated. Now they command respect everywhere because of their abilities. They have risen steadily; and so far as they have gained political power their success has been due in part to their genius for political management, but chiefly to their zealous performance of the duties of citizenship. As soon as the law allowed, they became citizens. Other immigrants have been more negligent in improving that opportunity. The Irish have been ambitious to go ahead. They are a race which is both physically and intellectually strong.

It is not as Irishmen, however, that they have advanced. It is as American citizens. They would not be foreigners, but made all possible haste to get into the mass of American citizenship. At one time they were distinguished in the political classification as Irishmen. Formerly there was much talk about the Irish vote. Now there is no such vote as a distinct quantity. The Irish have become Americans who vote as they please, and their race inheritance furnishes no sure indication of their politics. Most of them, it is true, are Democrats, but most of them live in cities where the tendency of all races is toward Democracy. Moreover, many of the most prominent Republicans are Irishmen. No race lines exist in politics.

It is not true that "only an Irish Catholic can be elected mayor" of New York. It is only true that nobody except a Democrat can be elected mayor of the city of overwhelming Democratic sentiment. Whether he be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant makes no difference. Only his political faith, not his religious faith, is considered by the voters, whether they be of Irish blood or of any other blood. The Irish voted in as great numbers for Mr. Cleveland, a Presbyterian, as for Mr. Gilroy, a Roman Catholic. They were as loyal to Gov. Flower, an Episcopalian, as if he had been of their own faith. Democratic Irishmen would vote as loyally for a Democratic candidate for mayor who was a Protestant as they did for Mayor Gilroy. They do not carry religious discriminations into their politics.

The attempt to raise this question of race comparison and religious faith is mischievous. The glory of the Irish race in this republic is not that they are Irishmen, but that they are American citizens. Every eminence and every prominence they enjoy or obtain belongs to them as Americans. It is a contribution to the general fund in which all citizens rejoice.

OBITUARY.

JAMES M. O'DONOVAN (ROSSA).

With sincere regret we have to announce the demise of James Maxwell O'Donovan Rossa, son of the well known Irish exile Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, who departed this life Nov. 22, in his twenty-seventh year, at the residence of his parents, No. 1009 Hancock street, Brooklyn. The deceased, who was unmarried, was born in 1866, shortly after his father became a political captive in the hands of the English government, and came to this country in his seventh year, on the release of the Fenian prisoners. He was educated in New York, and became an expert marine engineer, beginning his practical service as engineer in charge of the Brooklyn police steamer, Judge Moore. During President Cleveland's first administration he was appointed assistant engineer of the revenue cutter Seward; an explosion took place on board the cutter, in which he received injuries which finally resulted in his death. His funeral took place Nov. 25, from the church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Brooklyn, where requiem mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at 10 o'clock, a. m. From thence his remains, attended by a large concourse of sincere mourners, were conveyed to St. Peter's Cemetery, Staten Island, where they were interred in the family plot. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.—*Irish-American, Nov. 27.*

REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Mr. M. H. Barry Opens His Batteries on Father O'Mahony and Mr. Considine.

[THE CITIZEN assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents.]

[*To the Editor.*]

Father O'Mahony, and a Mr. T. E. Considine, thought proper to criticise my letter of Nov. 25. I will answer the reverend gentleman first, and then apply myself to the gentleman from Clare.

Now, Father O'Mahony's advice to the Irish people is to arm themselves with blackthorn sticks, and march towards the British troops with these most destructive instruments of war. What chance of success would the Irish people have? I dare say the reverend gentleman is not aware that the people of Ireland who would take up arms for their country, are not allowed to carry them. Is there any man, who has the slightest knowledge of Irish history, foolish enough to advise such a course? If they were not successful, they would then be told by some of the bishops that hell was not hot enough or eternity long enough for them. I heard those words spoken from the altar by Bishop Moriarty of Kerry. The party who stood by Parnell's principles were told by the priests of Meath, a year or two ago, that if they voted for John E. Redmond they would put fire to their heels and toes. You can see that the scent of the McCarthy party hangs around him still. Only for the bishops and priests of Ireland, that country would today be a nation. No doubt there were some true bishops and priests, who did all they could to liberate Ireland, but they were in the minority. I have had long experience with Ireland's difficulties; I risked my life for her once, and would be willing to do so again; and from that experience I arrived at the conclusion that the only way Ireland will ever gain her parliament is by having a united Irish party, just as Mr. Parnell had. He brought their parliament in sight, and who, I ask, is responsible for its retrogression? None other than the bishops, the priests, Healy, Davitt, Barry, and the foolish gang that followed them. Why doesn't the reverend gentleman criticise his brethren in Ireland? It might have a wholesome effect on them; this would be more prudent on his part than telling the Irish people four thousand miles away to arise and fight the English troops with blackthorn sticks. No, sir, this is not the way to gain for Ireland her native parliament. Parnell showed them the true road to success, but they did not want it.

I will now address myself to Considine, the great, from Clare. This gentleman, it appears, was schooled in Parnellite physical force—a thing which never existed—and his only recommendation is that he was born in Clare. His experience must only date back for fourteen years. The idea of this "kid" telling me to mind my own business makes me smile; I who have fought for Ireland for the last thirty years, and risked my freedom and my happiness for her liberation. I took an active hand in Irish politics long before Mr. Parnell came to the surface; I had a practical experience of past events, which told me that Ireland could never gain her independence by physical force. I had several conversations with the late Mr. Parnell, who told me that although he would, in the event of a failure in every other way, advocate physical force, he did not believe in it. Parnell *never* believed in physical force, and yet this Mr. Considine tells us he (Considine) was schooled in it. What is Mr. Gladstone to the Irish people? He and his party are doing the same devil's work that Salisbury and his party did. Where are all the fine promises Mr. Gladstone gave the poor deluded McCarthyites when they killed Parnell? They are buried in the ocean of oblivion, and Gladstone and his party are today burning houses and roasting the women and children. Yet this Mr. Considine wants to keep him in power. I say throw him out; and if the Irish people follow the advice of John Redmond they can do it; but if they hug the delusive phantom of hope to their breasts, and still continue to support Gladstone and his party, farewell to Ireland and her parliament.

MICHAEL H. BARRY.

IRISH STATISTICS.

The following statistics show the population of Ireland in 1891, and the number of persons who emigrated from her shores between the years 1851 and 1884:

	Population in 1891.	Emigrat'n 1851–1884.
Antrim	428,123	214,634
Armagh	143,289	75,596
Cavan	111,917	87,027
Derry	152,009	82,271
Donegal	185,635	93,880
Down	267,059	118,083
Fermanagh	74,170	42,757
Mohaghan	86,206	60,463
Tyrone	171,401	106,000
Clare	125,483	114,915
Cork	438,432	372,605
Kerry	179,136	143,100
Limerick	158,912	144,542
Tipperary	173,188	168,513
Waterford	98,251	78,000
Carlow	40,936	25,000
Dublin	419,216	88,000
Kildare	70,206	30,000
Kilkenny	87,261	60,569
King's	65,563	48,000
Longford	52,647	45,245
Louth	71,038	35,804
Meath	76,987	55,145
Queen's	64,883	45,000
Westmeath	65,109	41,428
Wexford	111,778	63,000
Wicklow	62,136	24,000
Galway	214,712	137,857
Leitrim	76,618	58,272
Mayo	219,034	103,000
Roscommon	114,397	78,175
Sligo	99,013	48,000
Total	4,704,725	2,878,724

—*Exchange.*

WHERE EMMET SLEEPS.

A Correspondent, Evidently Well Informed on the Subject, Insists that the Young Hero and Martyr was Buried in Old Glasnevin, Not in St. Michan's.

He Quotes Numerous Well Known Authorities and Circumstances to Justify His Claim.

[To the Editor.]

In THE CITIZEN for Nov. 25 Mr. Russell in his Dublin letter says of Emmet's grave: "St. Michan's church, in Church street, where Robert Emmet is buried, is one of the most tumble-down, dilapidated looking buildings in all Dublin. Some people I have met have stoutly denied that Emmet was buried in it. They say he was buried in Glasnevin. But it seems to me that the balance of testimony of the most reliable kind is decidedly in favor of his having been buried in St. Michan's." This will be news for a great many, that is, "testimony of the most reliable kind," and if proven to be correct, will settle for all time a much disputed question among Irish people all over the world. Many men, learned one's at that, have written upon the location of Emmet's grave, and not one of them has been as positive as Mr. Russell has been, in assigning the patriot's sacred ashes to St. Michan's. Believe me that the purpose of this letter is not to gratify a desire for idle or mere argument, or to see my name in print. Regarding the matter I have no opinion, and, like millions of other Irishmen, only desire to see a disputed question settled beyond any chance of argument. Where is the "testimony of the most reliable kind," of which Mr. Russell speaks? Who is it that supplies it? Mr. Russell certainly knows that one's statement not fortified with other evidence is at best only a very weak case. I am perfectly satisfied that Mr. Russell believes all that he says, and regards the evidence he alludes to as "the most reliable." I beg leave to inform him, and I am sure he will be glad to hear it, that the evidence in favor of poor Emmet being buried in Glasnevin—old Glasnevin—is clearer and much stronger than that which favors St. Michan's as being the patriot's last resting place. Dr. Madden, the faithful, and, we may add, loving historian of the United Irishmen and their times, does not say that Robert Emmet was buried in St. Michan's. He was on terms of intimacy with many of the survivors of 1798, and visited the leaders who escaped bloody graves, and were wasting away in exile both in this country and the Continent of Europe. With the family of Thomas Addis Emmet, and also that of Dr. Macnevin, he was intimately acquainted in New York, and yet neither Madden nor the Emmet family advance any claim to St. Michan's. As Thomas Addis Emmet kept up a correspondence with friends in Ireland even at the time he was busily engaged in levelling the miserable bigot king, we may reasonably suppose that he was not so forgetful as not to ask for his brave brother's last resting place. This, however, is not evidence. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, the author of "Ireland Before the Union," "The Sham Squire, and Informers of 1798," and many other works has thrown much light upon the question of Emmet's grave. I know that many Irish people will call his evidence into question, because he held office as a justice of the peace from the English government, and that, therefore, he is to be taken with great caution as his connection with the English makes him not entirely worthy of belief. To such intolerant people I would say that Mr. Parnell was also a magistrate and who loved Ireland as he did? At page 299 of the "Sham Squire" we read:

"Owing to this suggestion"—that Emmet was buried in James's parish cemetery—"we carefully examined the burial register of St. James' church, held by the parish clerk, Mr. Falls, but no trace of Emmet's interment can be found in it.

"We had the pleasure, soon after, of a conversation with John Patten, when in his 87th year. This gentleman was the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet. He told us that having been a state prisoner in 1803, he was not present at Emmet's funeral. He had no authentic information on the subject, but, according to his impression, Robert Emmet had been buried in Bully's Acre, also known as the Hospital Fields, and that the remains were from thence removed to St. Michan's churchyard, where the ashes of Bond and the Sheareses rest. He added that Dr. Gamble, of St. Michan's, the clergyman, who attended Emmet in his last moments, was a not unlikely person to have got the remains removed from Bully's Acre to St. Michan's.

"A literary friend of ours, Mr. Hercules Ellis, was speaking of Emmet and the uninscribed tomb at a dinner party, when a gentlemen present corrected the error under which he conceived Mr. Ellis labored respecting the place of his burial.

"'It was not in Michan's churchyard,' 'he said,'' but in Glasnevin, and I speak on the best authority, for my late father was the incumbent there at the time, and I repeatedly heard him say that he was brought out of his bed at the dead of night to perform the burial service over Emmet. There were only four persons present, two women and two men. One of the men he understood to be Dowdall, the natural son of Hussy Burgh, and one of the ladies, Sarah Curran, who had been bethrothed to Emmet. The corpse was conveyed through a little narrow door leading into the old churchyard of Glasnevin from the handsome demesne of Delville, formerly the residence of Dean Delany.

"With interest awakened by this tradition we visited the classic grounds of Delville and the old graveyard adjacent, accompanied by Mr. Ellis, the great-grandson of the wife of Dean Delany to the memory of both of whom a tablet almost smothered in ivy is set in the churchyard wall—the boundary which divides their former residence from their final resting place. We learned from the gardener that there was a tradition precisely to the effect of the statement made by the clergyman's son. Our conductor having unlocked a narrow door which leads to the little cemetery, pointed out a grass-grown grave and uninscribed headstone immediately to the left on entering.

"The entire aspect of the place forcibly recalled to our mind Moore's description of Emmet's grave:

'Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
But the night-dew that falls though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps.'

"This description by the early friend and college chum of Emmet, is entirely applicable to the picturesque green grave near classic Delville, and the deserted village of Glasnevin, but it is not appropriate to the huge flat flag excluding every blade of grass in St. Michan's, Church street, Dublin. It is not easy to understand how a tomb thus situated, could 'brighten with verdure.' Moore would appear to have had rather the grass-grown grave at Delville in his mind, than the flat, dusty stone in a back street of Dublin."

Let us consider these lines for a moment. Moore was not in Dublin when poor Emmet was executed. This event happened in September, 1803, and Thomas Moore was then in London, and two months afterwards was on his way to the Bermudas, a servant of the British Crown. Shall we blame him for this? Let our judgment and reason do him justice. Had he remained in Ireland what would his fate have been? The apostate Irishman, John Fitzgibbon, thirsted for the young man's blood, and he would have found a way to hand him over to the hangman, as he found it for Moore's fellow student. Follow him in his wanderings through England, Bermuda and America and back to England again. All eyes are turned towards the sweet singer; and even within the halls of his country's ancient enemy he compels them to listen to "the song of their captive." All at once he turns away from this brilliant crowd, and, going over to Ireland, searches for the grave of his friend, and weeps his manly tears above it. Oh, the purity and tenderness of Irish love! No matter now much "he loved a lord," his pure virgin love was given to Ireland:

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee."

And for the pure love which he bore for his country, generous hearts will feel disposed "to be kind to his errors."

Dr. Petrie, the learned antiquarian and author of several works on the Round Towers, believed that Emmet was buried in Glasnevin. In a letter published on page 301 of the "Sham Squire," he writes under date of Nov. 10, 1865: "According to my recollections and belief, derived from the best local authorities, the grave of poor Emmet is in the churchyard of Glasnevin, and is situated at one side, the left as I think of a private doorway which gave to the family occupying Delville House a direct passage to the church." We know on the authority of Canon Bourke, the author of "Aryan origin of the Celtic Race," that Thomas Moore and Dr. Petrie were very intimate friends, and that when Moore visited Dublin he was usually found in Petrie's company. What is more natural to suppose than that together they visited Emmet's grave, and that Moore is one of the "best local authorities" Petrie refers to? The late A. M. Sullivan in his "Guide to Dublin" says of Emmet's supposed grave in St. Michan's: "An uninscribed stone on the north side is shown as that which covers the grave of Robert Emmet, but in truth there is not at present before the public any certain information as to the spot 'where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.' Such evidence as exists on the subject is feeble and conflicting. The question is pretty fully discussed in the appendix to Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Sham Squire," and from the circumstances there stated, the balance of probability would appear to be that Emmet's remains rest in the old churchyard of Glasnevin." For some readers of THE CITIZEN it may be information to say that the "Sham Squire" was none other than Francis Higgins, the infamous betrayer of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Dublin Castle has many dark secrets, and none seemed so dark as the identity of the person who sold Lord Edward, until Mr. Fitzpatrick brought home the guilt to the monster Higgins.

If Emmet then is buried in Glasnevin he has noble company. Near the old entrance lie the remains of the father of the woman for whom he lost his life—Curran. Directly west of Curran's tomb reposes all that is mortal of James Clarence Mangan. Turning towards the Finglass road you come to the graves of T. B. McManus and John O'Mahony. Directly south of you is the grave of Anne Devlin. And when you reach the O'Connell monument, and look around, and you behold where Ireland has clasped her children again to her bosom—the saint, the virgin, the patriot, the martyr, aye, they are all there—do your thoughts not stray heavenward, and that sweet prayer come from your heart, God rest their souls! T. J. F.

HYMENEAL.

HENAHAN–HENAHAN.

The marriage of Mr. Paul V. Henahan of Chicago, and Miss Ella Henahan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Henahan, of Pierce, was one of the largest and most interesting weddings that have pleased the Catholic community of De Kalb county in many a day. The affair was celebrated at St. Mary's church, DeKalb, Ill., Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 29, 1893, at 3 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Lightner officiating. Miss Mamie Dowdall, of DeKalb, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Stephen Varley, of Chicago, supported the groom. At 8 o'clock in the evening a reception was held at the home of the bride, where an elegant supper was served; later in the evening there was dancing. The wedding presents were handsome and numerous. After an extended Southern trip Mr. and Mrs. Henahan will make their home in Chicago, where the groom has an important position in the federal departments. Their many friends wish them a very happy married life.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

HESPERUS.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Mark you yon star that in the western sky
Blesses earth with benificence serene,
It is the evening star, love's star, I ween,
Star of the fluttering breast and tremulous sigh;
How calm and stately it ascends on high
Its brilliance undiminished in the flight
Sweeping along the corridors of night—
As if some grand archseraph drawn nigh,
Poised on his wings of scintillating flame,
Paused there to contemplate mortality,
And beating with his mighty pinions slow
Along the vast wastes of the ether sea,
Lingered till all the world had fallen a dream
Ruffling his jewelled plumes and loth to go.

BOSTON'S GREAT REVIEW.

A Backward and Forward Glance.—The Arena Publishing Company.

The November *Arena*, which lies before us, is strong, able and invigorating. It closes the eighth volume of this review, whose career has been so remarkable, and whose influence has grown to be a potent force in our country. The superb courage, the catholicity of spirit and the cordiality with which it has received the advance guard among the world's thinkers finds no parallel in the history of magazine literature. While employing talent fully as learned and scholarly as that represented in any other great review, it has as a rule avoided discussions of problems not vital in character, while its influence has always been thrown against class privileges, entrenched injustice and outgrown ideas. A glance over the index for the past year reveals a coterie of contributors which it would be difficult to surpass in any review published in the English-speaking tongue.

Among those who have written for its pages during the past twelve months are such leaders of thought and eminent scholars as Rev. M. J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Sir Edwin Arnold, Bishop J. L. Spalding, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Prof. W. J. Rolfe, Helen Campbell, Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., Dr. J. F. Furnivall, Prof. David Swing, Hamlin Garland, Rev. George C. Lorimer, W. D. McCracken, A.M., the Marquise of Lorne, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Rev. John W. Chadwick, O. B. Frothingham, Henry George, President J. M. Coulter of Indiana University, Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., United States Senator W. M. Stewart, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Edmund Gosse, Prof. Orello Cone, D. D., Louise Chandler Moulton, Gerald Massey, Ignatius Donnelly, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Edmund C. Stedman, the late Richard Proctor, Henry Irving, Henry Wood, Napoleon Ney, Louise Frechette, etc., etc.

The announcements for next year are even more inviting, if possible, than those made before. Among the great features of the *Arena* for 1894 will be a series of six papers on the "Ascent of Life," by Stinson Jarvis. They will take up the evolution theory where Darwin dropped it, and proceed in a search for the soul of man in a strictly scientific manner. The editor of the *Arena* predicts that this work will create a pronounced sensation, and will be a contribution of great value to the modern critical literature. Another brilliant feature of the *Arena* for 1894 will be a series of papers setting forth the "Aims and Objects of the Higher Criticism" by leading orthodox scholars of Europe and America who stand with Prof. Briggs. The opening paper will appear in the December *Arena*.

It is written by the great Oxford professor, Dr. William Sanday, LL.D., D. D., A.M., who is recognized as one of the most profound students of sacred literature in England. Dr. Sanday will be followed by R. F. Horton, A. M., the eminent author and lecturer, who was called from London to deliver a course of lectures at Yale College the past winter on the "Higher Criticism." A third paper has been prepared for this series by Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., and others will follow by scholars equally eminent. A third feature will be a series of papers on "Indian Occultism," by Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., a German scientist who has spent ten years in Ceylon, India, Thibet, and Burmah. The opening paper of this series will appear in the December *Arena*; it is entitled "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic."

Vital political, economic and social problems will appear in the following series embracing discussions by the most able and live thinkers of the age. 1, Short talks on the Land Question, embracing twelve short papers on this great problem by leading specialists. 2, Ideal Republican Measures, embracing a series of papers on the Initiative, Referendum and Proportional Representation. 3, The Nervous and Arterial Systems of the State, a series of papers by Rabbi Solomon Schindler and other leading thinkers on governmental control of railways. 4, The present aspect of the Money Question, the light of European and American history, a number of brilliant papers by students of finance. 5, The Slums of Our Great Cities and how to abolish them.

Another series of papers will deal with the Civilization of Tomorrow, in which hereditary and prenatal influences and early environment will be ably discussed. Popular papers on Emergency Surgery, by a leading Massachusetts physician and surgeon. Psychic Science and Progress in the realm of Physical Science will receive attention from experts. Among other attractions are a series of short papers by Rev. M. J. Savage on Our Latter Day Poets. Short stories, brief biographies, portraits of leading thinkers and critical reviews of leading books of the day will be the features of the *Arena* for 1894.—*Boston Daily Traveler, Nov. 4.*

LION OF CERRO GORDO.

Unveiling of the Statue of Gen. James Shields, the Irish-American Soldier and Statesman, at Washington, D.C.

Interesting Exercises—Governor Altgeld's Tribute to the Memory of the Veteran Hero.

The statue of Gen. James Shields was unveiled in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday last. At one time appearances indicated that the representatives of Missouri would carry off the honors of the ceremony of dedication, but that result was not attained. As was proper, Illinois took the lead in the affair, and sons of that state occupied positions of honor. At 1 o'clock the parade formed in front of the National Hotel and thence proceeded to the capitol, headed by a troop of cavalry from Fort Myer, led by the Arsenal Band. Following in line in carriages were Gov. Altgeld and staff of Illinois, Gov. Nelson and staff of Minnesota, Gov. Stone and staff of Missouri, the statue commission, and members of Gen. Shields' family, veterans of the Mexican war, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Emmet Guards, of Washington, and members of the local committee.

After the formal presentation in the house and senate, the exercises took place in Statuary Hall, including a presentation speech by William H. Condon, secretary of the commission; the unveiling of the statue by Miss Katherine Shields; an address by Gov. Altgeld; a poem, "The Sword of Cerro Gordo," written by C. J. Beatty, of Chicago, read by P. H. O'Donnell, of Georgetown College; an address by Gov. Nelson, of Minnesota; an address by Senator Vest, of Missouri; an address by Lieut-Gov. Wares, of Pennsylvania, and an address by Senator Turpie, of Indiana. Gov. Altgeld's address was a review of the dead jurist, warrior, and statesman. He said in part:

We are here to perform an unusual ceremony, to do an act that is not common, and that has never been and can be so. We are here not to mourn the departure of a friend, but to honor the memory of a hero; not to shed tears, but to place a laurel wreath; we are here to pay that tribute which civilized people give to the memory of such of their sons as have rendered great and distinguished service to their country. Occasions of this kind are not common, because few men ever render a service to mankind that insures the gratitude of a nation. There have been ages in the history of the world in which no monuments were erected, either because there were no men of sufficient genius and grandeur of soul to do great deeds, or else there were no people of sufficient appreciation to recognize them; and the fact that occasions of this character are now more frequent than ever shows the advance of civilization, and it also shows that liberal institutions, giving freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action, for honest men, are more conducive to the growth of genius and the development of greatness than the repressive institutions of the past.

Today we honor the memory of a man who was a brilliant soldier. He helped to lay the foundation of states, and he assisted in guiding the destiny and shaping the institutions not only of a great commonwealth but of the great American republic. A lawyer and a soldier, a judge and a legislator, an executive officer and a popular leader, he was honest, brilliant, and brave. He added glory to the flag of his country on both foreign and domestic soil.

The people of Illinois delighted to honor him, and having been invited to erect two statues in Memorial Hall at Washington of citizens who had achieved military or civic renown the legislature of that great commonwealth at its last session declared Gen. Shields to have been a distinguished warrior, statesman and jurist, and it directed the statue to be made and placed in position here. The life of Gen. Shields shows that love of country and lofty patriotism do not depend on the locality of birth. He was reared almost to manhood on foreign soil, and yet no truer patriot ever bled for the American flag.

Gen. Shields himself was shot a number of times while fighting for the flag of his adopted country, yet he in his day heard men, as we do, inveigh against the foreign-born and seeking to apply a different law to them from that applied to the native. The life of Gen. Shields is a fitting response to all such people. If the great soul of Shields could animate this statue but for an hour with what infinite scorn would his proud spirit look upon those men who, having bled on no battlefield, stormed the ramparts of no armed enemy, solved no great problem for humanity, done nothing to develop our resources, taking no part in laying the foundation of state or building its superstructure, who having done nothing to make their country great or their age illustrious now seek to turn the accident of birth into a virtue by an act of congress.

But to my mind the most important feature in the career of Gen. Shields, the most inspiring lesson to the world, and especially to the ambitious young men of America, is the fact that he was poor, that he had to toil for daily bread, not only for himself but for his family; that, notwithstanding this poverty, by strong resolution, by lofty purpose, by keeping his eye fixed upon the star of patriotism and of duty, he won renown and a place in the galaxy of the world's heroes.

Every age has produced millions of strong and industrious men, who knew no higher God than the dollar; who coined their lives into sordid gold; who gave no thought to blessing the world or lifting up humanity; men who owned ships and palaces and stocks and the riches of the earth; who gilded meanness with splendor and then sank into oblivion. Posterity erected no statue to their memory and there was not a pen in the universe that would even preserve a letter of their names.

Let the young men of America learn from this statue and from the career of Gen. Shields that the paths of virtue and of honor, the paths of glory and immortality are open to them.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

At an early hour on Nov. 21, a fire broke out in Mount Hawkins, a portion of the town of Athy opposite the new convent schools, which resulted in the complete destruction of five houses, the property of Mrs. Sheils, hotel proprietress, and Mr. Roberts.

The funeral of the late Very Rev Dr. Michael Bugler, V.G., Dean of Killaloe, and P.P. of Birr, took place on the 27th ult., and was an imposing and impressive ceremonial, in which some thousands of people took part. The requiem mass and solemn office for the repose of the soul of the deceased divine, was commenced at 11 o'clock. At that hour the commodious church was crowded in every part, and many were unable to gain admittance. The choir was occupied by the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, bishop of Killaloe, and the dignitaries and clergy of the diocese. Mourning friends came from the adjoining counties, and from Dublin, where the lamented dean had a number of cousins, including ex-Lord Mayor Dawson. At the conclusion of the solemn service the coffin was carried out by members of the local Young Men's Society. A hearse was in waiting, but it was employed to carry the wreaths, numerous and beautiful, and sent as loving tributes by Catholics and Protestants alike.

Miss Ellen Callanan, eldest daughter of the late John Callanan, T.C., Patrick street, Kilkenny, died Nov. 21.

On Saturday last, says the Drogheda *Argus* of Nov. 25, Messrs. R. B. Daly & Son put up for sale at public auction the tenant's interest in the farm of land, situate at Cruicerath, close to the village of Donore, county Meath, and known as the Chapel Farm, containing 61a 3r 15p Irish measure, or thereabouts, held for statutory term under the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1887, at the judicial rent of £96. The bidding was quite spirited throughout, and Mr. McDonnell, of the county Louth, was the purchaser at the figure of £900 and auction fees. Taking into account that there is no house or outoffices on the farm, the price paid must be considered fair for a tenant's interest.

Mr. Andrew Lawler, father of the Athy town clerk, died Nov. 22.

Munster.

At the Convent of Maria Reparatrice, Newcastlewest, on Nov. 15, the solemn and beautiful ceremony of reception of Miss Amelia Naughton, in religion Sister Mary of St. Canice, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Naughton, of Ballycassy House, Kildimo, took place in the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, and a large number of priests and friends. At the mass celebrated the bishop presided, and the following priests officiated: Rev. Dr. Hallinan, Adm.; Rev. Father O'Shea, C. C.; Rev. Father O'Donnell, C. C.; Rev. Father Reidy, C. C.; Rev. J. Lee, C. C., St. Mary's; Rev. Father Murphy, secretary to his grace; Rev. Father O'Leary, chaplain. The ceremony of reception having taken place, the nuns entertained those present at breakfast, the friends of the young lady received including Mr. Michael Naughton, P.L.G., Ballycannana, Askeaton, uncle; Mr. Patrick Naughton, do; Miss Naughton, aunt; Miss Helena Naughton, sister; Mr. and Mrs. Carmody, Roxville, Limerick, Miss M. Carmody, Miss Agnes Carmody, and Miss M. Kinnane, cousins; Mrs. Dr. O'Sullivan, and Miss O'Sullivan, Limerick, etc. On the same occasion Miss M. O'Keeffe, in religion Sister Mary of St. Ethebreda, daughter of J. O'Keeffe, Esq., Deneraile, county Cork, was received. There was a large number of relations and friends present.

Mr. Patrick Casey died at his residence, John street, Waterford, on the 21st ult. He was a native of Clonmel, where he enjoyed the respect and good will of many friends.

Rabies has been increasing to an alarming extent in the county Kerry for the past month, and in several districts serious damage has been done by dogs suffering from the disease to cattle and horses.

It is proposed to construct a railway line between Midleton, county Cork, and Ballycotton.

A destructive fire occurred in the hardware establishment of Mrs. Martin, Killorglin, Tralee, on the 21st ult., the store being completely demolished. The loss was about £2,000.

On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17 and 18, a fearful storm swept over Dungarvan, blowing slates off a great many houses. At the quay great difficulty was experienced in keeping the vessels and fishing smacks to their moorings. The watchman's box was blown down. Apple and vegetable stands on the Square were blown down, and the commodities blown about the streets. In the country districts trees were taken up by the roots. No such storm has been witnessed in the district for some time.

Connacht.

On Nov. 22, at the Frenchpark Petty Sessions, held at Castlerea, Mr. R. E. Blakeney, Lord De Freyne's agent, appeared before Capt. McTernan and Mr. Newell, R.M's., to answer the summons issued against him during the hearing of the recent prosecutions, charging him with having, on the 21st of September last, unlawfully and maliciously set fire to a house at Carraghill, one Anne Barrett being in it at the time. The prosecution was at the suit of Thomas Barrett, who was evicted from his holding on Sept., and whose house, it transpired in the course of the previous trials, was fired on the following day. Capt. McTernan, in announcing the decision of the court, said: "In this case we have come to the conclusion that there is a prima facie case that this house was set fire to when Anne Barrett was in it. As to the legal question whether it was a dwellinghouse or not within the meaning of the act, we prefer to leave that to be argued before a superior tribunal. Therefore, we have only to commit Mr Blakeney for trial. (Loud applause in court.) Of course we will take his own bail.

Mr. Patrick Culkin retiring chairman of the Tuam town commissioners was on Monday, Nov. 20, unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year. This is Mr. Culkin's sixth year elected as chairman of the town board.

The death of Miss Linda Mary Canning took place at the residence of her father, Thomas Canning, Ballyvary, on Nov. 23. The deceased, who had been ailing for some time was only 19 years of age. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Canning in their sad affliction.

The death of Sister Mary Clare, which took place at the Convent of Mercy, Clifden, county Galway, on Thursday, the 16th ult., is announced.

Mr. H. T. Martley, solicitor, Ballyhamnis, has received the rents of W. J. Knox, minor, and allowed a reduction of 15 per cent. All the tenants paid.

Ulster.

There is at present residing in the townland of Tullyroan, locality of North Armagh, a farmer named Frederick Reilly, who is now over 100 years of age. This aged agriculturist cut his own hay in the past summer, and has now just completed the trenching up of his garden. He is in possession of all his faculties.—*United Ireland.*

The dead body of John Patterson, aged 28 years, was found in a bog at Monlough, county Down, on Tuesday, Nov. 21. At the inquest held on Thursday following it was stated that the deceased had been afflicted with religious mania, and a verdict of suicide while laboring under temporary insanity, was returned.

A public meeting, attended by the city merchants and inhabitants of Armagh generally, and a large number of the farmers of the county, was held in the market-house in that city, on Nov. 23. Mr. George Arthur Edwards, J. P., chairman Armagh town commissioners, presided. Mr. Frazer, engineer of the Midland Great Western Railway, and chief engineer of the proposed line, attended and made a lengthened statement setting out fully the chief points in connection with the scheme. He stated that his company calculated that the proposed new line would cost £700,000, and that it would be completed and ready for traffic within three years. Mr. R. G. McCrum, J. P., moved the first resolution: "That we, the inhabitants of the city of Armagh and neighborhood, having heard the explanation of the engineer of the Midland Great Western Railway in regard to the proposed new line, declare our complete approval of the scheme, and undertake to give the same all possible support, as it will open up a populous and industrious district which has hitherto been without the advantage of railway communication, etc." The motion was seconded by Mr. John McClelland, T. C., and supported by Messrs. Beattie, Bright, Duff, McLoughlan and others. Considerable discussion took place as to the position of the proposed station at Armagh. Finally, an amendment was passed that the further consideration of the scheme be adjourned pending the selection of the new station.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the December Term A. D. 1893. The Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, &c., vs. Bridget Drennen and the unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased. In Chancery. No. 124,047.

Notice is hereby given to the said The unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 23 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the county of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.

John McKeough, Attorney.

A DRESSMAKER'S DILEMMA—A FACT.

I'm but a simple dressmaker in quite a humble way,
Who tries to do her duty and would never disobey
A plain commandment given in the Scriptures unto men,
For I read my Bible every night from half past nine to ten.

Now, Uncle Jim, who preaches in the chapel over there
And knows his Bible backwards (though I've also heard him swear),
Came in to me the other night and solemnly sat down
And said, "Maria, let me see your last unfinished gown."

I knew he hated fashions, but I humbly brought the dress,
He took the sleeves, examined them, and cried in triumph "Yes,
I feared as much. Your style in gowns has gone from bad to worse,
Until at last you've brought yourself beneath the prophet's curse."

I looked in blank amazement at my uncle. Was he mad?
What could be find so awful in a simple shoulder pad?
This year, since fashion willed that ladies' shoulders should be high,
We had to pad the dresses—Paris to blame not I.

He took my Bible from the shelf before my wondering eyes
And found the thirteenth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecies,
And "Read," said he, "the eighteenth verse—"Thus saith the Lord God, Woe
To th' women that sew pillows to all armholes!' Is it so?"

The words were there as clear as day. "And now," said Uncle Jim,
"Just choose between the prophet's curse and fashion's latest whim.
'Tis you Ezekiel had in mind, to you the Lord saith 'Woe!'
If in your dresses from this time another pad you sew."

Thus saying he departed, and I turned the matter o'er,
And after half an hour felt no wiser than before.
At last I thought I'd venture forth to ease my troubled mind
And ask our learned rector, who is always very kind.

I found him in his study, and in listening to my case
I thought he laughed a little, though I could not see his face.
And then he opened certain books and certain foot notes read—
"The authorized translation is not quite correct," he said.

—London Spectator.

THE DANCING GIRL.

Old John Hartlepool was dead.

That much was certain. It was evident that he had died from a pistol shot, for there was a bullet wound in his temple, and the doctors found the bullet in his brain. A revolver with one empty chamber, which the bullet would have fitted before its shape had been flattened by contact with the old man's skull, was picked up in the court directly under a window of the room where the chambermaid had found the old gentleman lying dead, when she entered the room with a passkey at 8:30 in the morning. She also found that the window was closed and fastened, and this effectually disposed of the suggestion that the old man had shot himself and thrown the pistol out of the window, for while there was an infinitesimal chance that he might have thrown the pistol out after firing the shot into his brain it was absolutely impossible that he could then have closed the window and fastened it. Moreover, the position of the body and the pool of blood beside it showed that he had fallen when shot and never moved again. The most careful search of the room disclosed no weapon of any kind. Suicide was therefore clearly out of the question. It was a case of murder. So at least the police argued, and it must be admitted with a good deal of reason.

Who was the murderer? To aid in a solution of this question the police reasoned in this way: As the dead man was found in his apartments in the fifth story of the apartment house, where he had lived alone for 15 years, it was evident that the murderer must have had some powerful motive to induce him to take the risk attending such an act, or else he must have been temporarily excited into a frenzy by something which had passed between him and the deceased. What could the motive have been? It was not robbery, for a roll of notes and a quantity of loose gold lay on the table, just $1,500, which amount it was quickly learned had been paid the deceased by one of his tenants at 4:30 o'clock the afternoon before his dead body was discovered by the chambermaid.

No one could suggest that the old man had any enemies. His habit of life was exceedingly simple. The worst that could be said of him was that, though very rich, he was very penurious. He was not a hard creditor, but on the contrary, was inclined to be lenient in his collections. He was somewhat proud of the fact that his mother was the daughter of an earl's daughter, but the only one who used to consider himself aggrieved by this was his handsome and high spirited nephew and namesake. So a murder for revenge seemed out of the question.

Had any one an interest in his death? On this point there was no doubt, for John Hartlepool, Jr., was known to all the community as his sole heir-at-law. It was also soon learned that on the very morning before his death the old man had instructed his solicitor to make a will cutting off his nephew with a pittance, which will was to be executed the next day, if that young gentleman would not in the meantime renounce his intention of marrying a young lady who was a member of a popular opera troop and took a role which was more conspicuous because of the elegance of her figure than of the quality of her vocal powers or the degree of her histrionic ability.

"Not a cent of my money shall go to a brat of a girl who makes a living by dancing," said the old man to more than a score of people, for his nephew's infatuation for the pretty chorus girl was the one sore spot in his life.

Not that Nellie Eltham (she had not risen to the dignity of a stage name) was a brat. She was simply an honest little girl, who, having to earn her living, was doing it in a way that nature had eminently fitted her for. When Master Jack, in a moment of unintentional frankness, had blurted out his uncle's pet objection to their marriage, she first grew red, and then as pale as snow, and ended by bursting into tears, the outbreak being so long that it was a good hour before Jack felt safe in taking his departure.

It was known that uncle and nephew had had an interview between 5 and 6 o'clock, during which time a terrific thunder storm was raging. The elevator boy remembered that when the young man left the house he took the elevator at the third st[illegible] that he was greatly excited and said something about forgetting to ring for him to come up to the fifth story. He also remembered that it was raining furiously at the time, and that the thunder was so loud and constant that a pistol shot might have been fired almost at any moment during the storm unnoticed by persons in an adjoining room. It also appeared that there was an open window on the stairs on the fourth story, which window looked out into the court where the pistol was found.

One other fact remained to be learned and that was at what time the old man was killed. The nephew had left the house a few minutes before 6 o'clock. The elevator boy knew it because he had only been gone a very little while when the janitor came to relieve him for supper hour. Deceased was accustomed to take his dinner at a restaurant in the lower story of the building where he resided at 6:15 and was the soul of punctuality. "If he had been alive at 6:15, he would have been down to dinner," was the verdict of every attache and regular customer of the restaurant. No one had entered the building between the time his nephew went out and 6:15, and though several people had come down stairs and gone into the restaurant they were all ladies and regular inmates of the house.

All these facts were brought to light during the morning after the body was found, with the additional fact that John Hartlepool, Jr., had disappeared. The popular verdict was willful murder against John Hartlepool, Jr., and all the papers commenting on the case said that it was perfectly warranted and expressed a hope that the wretched youth would speedily be brought to justice.

At this stage of the case Nellie Eltham came to me.

I had just opened an office as a detective, and the seven $10 bills and the one $5 bill, which she laid upon my desk and said were her whole savings, were my first professional fee. She soon told me her story, which was hardly necessary, for I had already read it in the papers. When we had gone over the story, I asked her what she knew about the case beyond what the newspapers had told.

"I know that Jack didn't do it," was the answer. "Why, he would not do such a thing. Why, only yesterday he said"— and she stopped suddenly in her rapid speech.

I suspected that she was keeping something back that I ought to know, so I impressed her with the importance of telling me everything, whereupon she repeated the pitiful story about the dancing and said very reluctantly that Jack had sworn that if the old man repeated the remark to him he would regret it. She confirmed the report that the uncle and nephew were to meet and discuss the will and the marriage. When I told her that she would be a most damaging witness if called upon at the young man's trial, as she was likely to be, she reeled as if she was going to faint, but recovered herself and said that no matter what might happen she would never repeat what she had just told me. "I will die in prison first," she said in a low, steady voice. When I asked her where Jack was, she replied that she had not the least idea.

I told her that there did not seem to be anything I could do for her and that I would only retain $25 of her money to pay me for attending the inquest. It seemed like robbery to take that, for I was sure that her lover was guilty.

She said she would go to her work as usual as she must save every dollar to prove Jack's innocence. That night I went to the opera and saw her as she stood before the footlights in all her radiant beauty and grace. It happened that at the climax of the opera the prima donna proclaimed the innocence of the stage hero, and as the words, "He is innocent," rang out, the look of triumph in Nellie's face spoke so much of faith, courage and hope, that I found myself, much against my will, beginning to believe that Jack was innocent after all.

But I could do nothing to help her. The inquest was short, and nothing new was developed, and the verdict was one of willful murder against John Hartlepool, the younger.

Three days had passed since the inquest and nothing had been heard of the accused, although the officers were scouring the country for him, when Nellie came to me and in her quick, curt way said:

"It was not suicide. Jack did not kill him. No one else could. It must have been an accident."

"Accident," I exclaimed.

"Yes, accident," was the positive answer. "There is no other explanation, and I am going to rent the room where the old man died to try and think out how it happened."

I tried to convince her that the idea was absurd, but she was firm in her determination. So I agreed to follow her directions, which were that I was to engage the old man's apartments for my cousin, a lady who had come to the city to study elocution, and Nellie was to occupy them forthwith. This arrangement was carried out that same afternoon.

The second night after she had taken possession the people of the same flat were startled by a pistol shot and a scream. Running to the room whence the sounds came they found Nellie lying upon the floor in her night dress and a small pool of blood by her head.

They lifted her upon the bed which she had evidently just vacated and summoned a physician. He soon restored her to consciousness. She looked at him with a gleam of triumph and whispered, "He is innocent," and these were the last words that she spoke coherently for three weeks.

When her disordered brain recovered its normal condition, I was summoned, and she told me her story, which was in substance as follows:

She had been lying awake trying to think what the solution of the mysterious killing could be, when suddenly her eye discovered several raised buttonlike knobs which ornamented the high carved wooden mantel. The light of the electric lamps in the street below shone brightly through the window and fell upon these knobs. They stood out above the woodwork of the mantel, and presently her idle thought was speculating as to this curious freak of the architects. Certainly their purpose could not have been artistic, she reasoned. A close observer could not help remarking that they were not quite in harmony with the general design of the mantel. Suddenly she sprang out of bed and touched one of the knobs. It yielded. She pressed a little harder, and that was all she knew until she came to herself in the hospital.

To make a long story short, I went to the mysterious room accompanied by the janitor and found the knobs as she had described them. It was the third from the center which she had pressed, so I began by pressing the first from the center. It did not move. Then I tried the second. It did not move. Then telling the janitor to get out of harm's way I stood against the wall and pressed the third knob with the handle of my cane. The instant I did so the knob slipped in and the sharp report of a pistol rang out. I held the knob back while the janitor inserted the end of a poker and pushed the pistol from its fastening. We heard it when it struck the bottom of the compartment into which it fell. Safe from the pistol, we began pressing the knobs one after the other and then two at a time and found that when the first and second were pressed simultaneously they opened a cabinet in which were some money and numerous papers. Clearly here was the solution of the old man's death. He had made a mistake in trying to open the cabinet and had fallen a victim to his own ingenuity in devising a useless protection for his valuables.

I carried the news quickly to Nellie, and she sent me post haste to the newspapers with the story, for she wanted every one to know that Jack was not guilty. Her judgment was right, for the newspapers told of the discovery with abundant praise for the young girl. Jack was declared innocent and a much abused young man and was urged to return, marry the graceful, beautiful and rising operatic star and inherit his uncle's wealth, but the hope was expressed that he would not feel obliged to deprive the stage of a lady who promised to be one of its greatest ornaments.

Two weeks later, or more than six weeks after old John Hartlepool had met his fate, a cablegram came to his late address, also one to Miss Nellie. The cablegrams were dated at Liverpool and the contents were identical, being as follows:

I am all right. Will be home on first steamer. Was kidnaped and brought to Liverpool on a sailing vessel. JACK.

It turned out that Jack had been mistaken for an important witness in a big lawsuit and had been decoyed on board a schooner lying at a Brooklyn dock and taken forcibly to sea.

Jack returned in a few days, and of course I was present at the wedding.—O. H. Lugrin in Philadelphia Press.

Queen Margherita as a Talker.

Queen Margherita is described as a great talker, and one who sometimes talks nonsense, to which her royal husband merely replies by giving the table a good hard slap with his fist. The queen, on the contrary, if he says anything to annoy her, tells Humbert plainly what she thinks. The king has a great control over himself, and the only sign of anger he shows is to redden up to the roots of his hair. Occasionally telegrams or business papers of urgency are brought for the king to read, during which time the courses cannot go around. The queen gets tired of waiting sometimes and calls out impatiently, "Umberto, we are waiting," when the king satisfies her by immediately going on with his dinner.

Humbert is, like his father, Victor Emmanuel, a small eater, and does not appear to care at all what he eats. It sometimes happens that when the queen finds a dish not at all to her taste the king declares it to be delicious; his wife repays him for this by saying laughingly, "Of course I know you have no taste." At this his majesty reddens a little, but his good nature prevails, and he joins in the general laugh against himself.—New York Advertiser.

Still a New Way.

A slick looking, nice spoken man who has been about Lewiston for several months went to the door of a boarding house on Bates street Monday night and asked if they could board him and how much it would cost, says the Lewiston Journal.

"Two dollars and a half," said the landlady.

"Ha, I never board as cheap as that! I'd rather pay $3," he said, with a supercilious smile.

"Well, as you please. When will you start in?"

"In the morning. It will be all right if I bring in a friend once in a while?"

"Oh, yes."

"Don't care if I begin now and take supper." So they hustled around and got him a warm meal, and he went off never to return.—Lewiston Journal.

Getting Ahead.

"I tell you that idleness doesn't pay. The surest way for a person to get ahead is to keep moving."

"Guess you're right. That's the way four or five tenants got ahead of me last week."—Buffalo Courier.

HE IS MERRY AND SLY

REYNARD, THOUGH A JOLLY BEAST, IS CONSIDERABLE OF A NUISANCE.

Restless, Alert and Full of Resources—An Animal Whose Career Is Often Short Lived, but Whose Existence Is Nevertheless a Happy One.

"How few people know what an interesting chap the fox is!" said the naturalist. "They know him only by reputation and that as a chicken thief, which he is. But he has lots of points, I tell you. A merry, sly dog is reynard. All summer he lives in luxurious ease, roaming the woods and sauntering by the pearly brooks, or basking in the noonday sun.

"He loves fish and going down to the stream he waits till he spies a plump trout. It's all over in a twinkle. A leap, a snap, and off he trots with his juicy morsel. A stupid crawfish snoozes by his hole near the water's edge. Reynard drops his tail in the water and tickles him with it. The angered crustacean comes out of his hiding place and is seized and crushed, armor and all. When the ripening corn is ready to drop, and the luscious fruits have reached their maturity, and all nature is plethoric with ripening fullness, then Master Fox is in clover. Timid rabbits prick up their ears and run, unconscious of danger, along the hillside; the quails skulk noiselessly in the wheat stubble; birds pour forth their notes of praise—and he catches them all. He loves fruits, stealthily stealing into orchards, where apples and plump pears tempt, and in the vineyard he fairly revels in grapes. His cubs grow fat and saucy. He shows them how to pilfer honey, and when the busy bees have laid up a winter store he crawls to the hives near the garden fence, and jumping up to the small opening licks the sweet drops with pure delight. Out come the stinging, humming honey makers, and settle like a pall on his thick pelt, but he doubles up in a twinkling, and rolling over and over crushes them by the score and eats them as a relish. Cunning? No animal beats him. Look at his brainy head. His delicate ears—broad below to catch every sound from the highest note of the shrill warbler to the low crooning of the cricket, or the distant murmur of storm, or the fevered pants of the prancing hounds, and tapering so sharply to a point that they can shape themselves to every wave of air that makes the tiniest rustle of noise. Note the crafty calculation and foresight of the low, flat brow. What a nose! Now full of resolute purpose pointing straight forward, and anon turning up with concentrated malice and scorn. The eye, deep set, a regular robber's eye, lacking the soft beauty of the timid deer, or the fascinating glare of the cat's, yet it trembles with modest humility or glares with murderous rage, flashing fire and vengeance. Energy and self control speak in the thin, cynical lips, and the mouth opens from ear to ear. He can leap, crawl, run and swim with the velocity of lightning, and his wiry body is carried so noiselessly along that scarce a trace is left. His delicate footfalls echo no response even among the dead leaves of the forest. His walk is treacherous, his glance sinister. Seizing a bunch of grain in his mouth, he will swim into the midst of a flock of ducks and seize the plumpest for a dinner.

"He will feign death like a possum, and even the hound's teeth and the flash of gunpowder have failed to arouse him. A farmer surprised one in a hen roost. Believing that the fox was dead from overeating the farmer kicked the stiffened body on the floor, picked it up by the tail and flung it out in the barnyard. In a jiffy the fox gathered up his legs and escaped.

"He is voracious, is reynard. When hunger pressed and gaunt and lean from starvation, he'll not refuse serpents and toads and moles and rats. He has been known to attack and kill young calves and lambs, and if the seashore is near will revel in oysters and shellfish. A group of rabbits are feeding in a clover patch. He'll crawl along, nibbling the juicy flowers, until near enough to make a grab. He'll stalk a bird with his hind legs dragging behind him until near enough to spring. How farmers dread his inroads in the poultry yard! Fasten the yard up tight, and he will burrow a winding passage into the ground beneath and suddenly appear among the drowsy chickens and stupid geese, whose shrill and alarmed cries arouse the farmer from his bed to sally forth, finding all safe. Then the fox will sneak back and pack away with the plumpest pullet or the fattest goose. February is the month when reynard goes a-wooing, and a wide range he takes, flirting and toying with every vixen that chances in his way. It is fully 60 days before madam clears the rubbish all out of her burrow and brings forth her young, from three to six at a litter. It will be fully a month before the sharp nosed cubs begin to play and gambol about the doorway of their home. Perhaps it will be at the root of an old tree, beneath a ledge of rocks, or in the hollow of a dead tree trunk, or a burrow with several entrances in the sand or loam. Telltale chicken bones and feathers and fur strewn about the entrance speak of many a hen roost robbed or of foolish rabbits and overconfident grouse that have furnished food for the ever hungry cubs. The mother fox faithfully feeds her young and boldly steals to support them. She knows, as all sportsmen know, that the hounds will not follow her while she has a family depending upon her.

"A merry, devil may care life does the fox lead indeed! It may be a short one, for traps and snares are many, hunters are alert, and the scent of hound is keen. But reynard rollicks and roysters and plays the bold freebooter amid it all."—New York Sun.

Woman, once made equal to man, becometh his superior.—Socrates.

River Worship.

There appears to be more than one case of river worship, and there are supposed to be numerous cases of the kind in Africa. In the Ashantee country there is the Chamascian river, or Rio San Juan, called by the negroes Bossumpra, which they worship as a god, as the word Bossum signifies. In the west of our own country the Dakotas are said to worship a god of the waters under the name of Unktahe. There is the well known worship of the holy Ganges in India in the form of Ganga, a goddess. Of the great rivers of India none can compare in sanctity with the Ganges or Mother Ganga, as she is affectionately called by devout Hindoos. From her source in the Himalayas to her mouth in the bay of Bengal, every foot of her course is holy ground, and many of the other sacred rivers of India borrow their sanctity from a supposed underground connection with her waters. Ganga herself is described as the daughter of the Himalayas, who is persuaded after infinite solicitation to shed her purifying stream upon the earth.

At the present day, the six years' pilgrimage from the source to the month and back again is performed by many. To bathe in the Ganges, especially at great stated festivals, will wash away the stain of sin, and those who have thus purified themselves carry back bottles of the sacred water to their less favored relatives. To exclaim "Ganga! Ganga!" at the distance of 100 leagues will atone for sins committed during three previous lives. In British courts of justice in India, the water of the Ganges is used for administering oaths to Hindoos. The tribes of Neilgherry hills worship rivers under the name of Gangamma. In fact, the divinity of water is recognized by all the peoples of India.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shut Your Mouth.

"Shut Your Mouth" is the curious title of a curious little book written in a hand that looks like copper plate, by the Indian traveler and painter, George Catlin. In the printed text it many years ago had a large circulation in England, but is long since out of print. This manugraph copy is unique. The writer, when among the Indians, was impressed by their knowledge of the laws of health and medical skill. This was long before civilization had introduced any of its practices. This little book is based on some of these observances which he introduced and practiced in his own family.

Indian children, he says, from their tenderest years are more carefully trained in certain respects by their mothers than the children of the most civilized peoples. The moment the youngest baby ceases nursing its lips are closed by its mother. If the baby does not keep them closed, she uses mechanical means rigidly and even cruelly. When the baby is put to sleep, it is strapped onto a board, its head slightly raised and its chin lowered, which tends to keep the mouth shut. The result is that when the teeth are forming and making their first appearance they meet and continually feel one another. Thus they take their relative positions and that healthful and pleasing regularity that gives to the American Indian, as a race, the most manly and beautiful mouths in the world.—New York Evening Sun.

Mars and the Earth.

Sir Robert Ball does not fail in his faculty for apt and convincing illustration. Lecturing at Dover on "What We Know of Other Worlds," he said that one of the most ordinary questions he was asked was, Did he think "those other worlds" were inhabited; had they real men, women and children like ours? He could only reply that he really did not know, and there was no possible means of finding out.

There had been some talk of our attempting to signal to Mars, and to establish communication with any living beings who might be existing there. To do this we should want a flag 300 miles long and 150 miles broad—about the size of Ireland. When we had found a pole for such a flag and a means of waving it, then should some astronomer on that planet chance to be looking at us while the flag was waving he might possibly see a little speck going to and fro on our earth, and might think we were up to something down here. The probabilities are all against there being intelligent life in Mars and here on the earth at the same time. In conclusion, Sir Robert Ball declared that the area of the heavens known to us is only like a dewdrop before the vast Atlantic ocean of the unknown, and the mind of man writhes as it tries to realize the extent of sidereal space.—Toronto Empire.

Adulterated Japanese Silk.

Buyers of Japanese raw silk should be on the watch for a trick which is now being revived. A number of complaints have been made by manufacturers of late. The adulteration of the raw silk is accomplished by impregnating it with a solution of salt or sugar, whereby 2 per cent or more in weight is gained, the sugar charge being difficult to discover. In dyeing such silk loses its gloss. In view of the fact that the United States is the best customer of Japan, it is short sightedness on her part to attempt such tricks. Japan exported in the season of 1892-3 27,441 bales of silk to the United States and 19,374 to Europe, of the latter 16,482 being shipped to Lyons.—Retailer and Jobber.

Lake Erie's Bad Reputation.

Lake Erie has a bad reputation in two regards. Being so shallow, she gets into a rage very quickly, and she seldom gives up her dead. The schooner Finney was lost more than two years ago on that same treacherous north shore, a shore of honeycombed rocks, shoals and engulfing sands, and there is no word of Captain Riordan or his crew. The list is long of the vessels seen last on that lee shore that are still on the unreported list.—Buffalo Express.

THE SINGER'S TRIUMPH.

After Her Appearance at La Scala She Gave a Sample Aria.

"I was in one of the large villages in the central part of this state the other night," said the commercial traveler, "and I was forced to stay there until morning. I heard that there was a show in town, and I went up to the Grand Opera House—did you ever notice that every village in the country has a Grand Opera House?—and bought a ticket. I was greatly edified.

"The play looked to be a farce comedy from its name, but when the first act had been on for 20 minutes I found that it was one of the goriest melodramas you can imagine. It was full of shooting and murders and throwing people over cliffs and all that sort of thing, and the company acted so atrociously that it was entertaining to a high degree.

"Blood ran in rivers all over the stage until the last act. Then the heroine, who had had a dozen narrow escapes, and who had gone through all sorts of difficulties, but who had all this time kept up her musical studies, made her debut at La Scala. There were two sets for that act. One represented the stage of La Scala, and the other the greenroom. There was a big, painted audience on the back drop, and the heroine came out and pretended to sing.

"Then the supes, who were in front of the painted audience, applauded enthusiastically and great bunches of flowers were thrown at the feet of the debutante. The set was changed, and the heroine was seen coming into the greenroom with her arms full of flowers. The man who was playing the stage manager stepped forward, shook her hand effusively and said:

"'Madam, my dear madam, let me congratulate you. You have taken Milan by storm. You have sung like a nightingale. You are without doubt the greatest prima donna of the age.'

"And then the 'greatest prima donna of the age' dumped her flowers on a chair, tripped down to the footlights and sung that classic ballad, 'Do, Do, My Huckleberry; Do,' and the curtain descended amid great applause."—Buffalo Express.

The Spirits Had Not Heard of It.

A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston S. Brooks came to Massachusetts. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Brockton. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the audience to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to ask questions and otherwise represent the audience in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the regulation one, two or three raps, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query, "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

There was no reply, and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative.

"You know he is dead, don't you?" shouted the committeeman.

The answer by raps was now distinctly "No."

"Well, he is, thank God," yelled Uncle Jake, who was wrought up to great excitement, as he struck the table with his ponderous fist, "and you had better make a note of it."—Boston Herald.

Fossil Ivory.

The first mammoth tusk seen in western Europe was brought to London in 1611 by one James Logan, who had purchased it from the Samoyedes, and Father Avril, a Jesuit who crossed Siberia in 1685, wrote that "the Russians had discovered a sort of ivory whiter and smoother than that which comes from India."

The substance was prized, too, as a stypic and was said to be derived from a powerful amphibious creature, "as big and as dangerous as a crocodile," living chiefly at the mouth of the Lena. Fossil ivory toward the close of the eighteenth century became an object of general commerce, and incredible quantities were exported from its arctic repository. Midendorf about 50 years ago estimated the annual sale at 110,000 pounds weight, and upward of 1,600 tusks are known to have reached London in 1872.

Yet the supply remains unexhausted and may indeed be called inexhaustible. It is the demand which has of late fallen off or failed. In Russia and China, it is true, almost exclusive use is made of the excavated material, but its brittleness and tendency to discoloration practically exclude it from western markets.—Edinburgh Review.

Repairing a Crown.

What curious old records one comes across sometimes in unexpected ways! Here is one which rather calls to mind certain fairy tales beginning "Once upon a time" and going on to recount extraordinary proceedings quite as if they were the most natural and common things in the world. It has reference to Edward III and Philippa of Hainault and is kept with other documents at Harwich, their majesties having had at the time a palace at Felixstowe. It runs thus: "For repairing ye queen's crown which ye king threw into ye fire, item 3s. 6d." The points which strike one in this memorandum are the violence of the king's temper and the cheapness of the mending process.—New York Sun.

How It Might Happen.

Sir Richard Steele, an Irishman, was once asked by an English friend how it happened that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls. "I believe," said he, "it is something in the air of the country, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born here, he would do the same."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

Why a Traveling Man Gave Up Playing Poker With Strangers.

"I don't play cards with strangers," said a quiet looking man on the Pullman in response to an invitation from the drummer to join them in a little game of poker. The drummer flushed up and was about to say something.

"Hold on," remarked the quiet man, "and I'll explain. Sit down here a minute or two and let me tell you."

The drummer being an obliging person sat down.

"About five years ago," began the quiet man, "I was out in the west country at a wild town, and one night, being fond of cards and a pretty fair player, I asked four or five cowboys at the tavern where I was stopping to play cards with me. I didn't know them, and they didn't know me, but they took it for granted I was all right, and they went to my room, where I had two or three decks of cards. We started the game at a quarter the ante with a $2 limit, and it wasn't long until I was winning nicely; for, as I said before, I was a good player. After some time we took another deck of cards, and as usual I had a good hand.

"My winnings had made my new found acquaintances rather suspicious, but as I was perfectly honest I didn't pay much attention to that. I remember very distinctly I had an ace of diamonds in my hand, and when it came around to show down I knew the pot was mine, but just as I laid down my hand the man opposite me whipped out his revolver and jabbed it into my face, and on the instant out came all the other men's guns, and I was scared almost to death. I couldn't say a word, for I thought my time had come, but nobody shot.

"'Look here!' ejaculated the man who had first pulled his gun, applying several disagreeable epithets in addition, and he took an ace of diamonds out of his hand. This restored my consciousness somewhat, and after waiting until each man had expressed his opinion of me, and the final decision had been reached that I was to give up all I had won and probably be shot later, I got in a word.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'appearances are against me, but I am honest. I don't know how that extra ace got in the pack, but if you will look in my valise there you will find a pack exactly like this one lying loose in it, and the cards must have got mixed in there. I'm sure I didn't do it.' One of the men took the cards out of the valise and ran them over, and the ace was missing. That much was in my favor, but it did not restore confidence.

"'Send down stairs,' I said next, 'to the clerk and have him come up. He was playing here this afternoon.'

"Then they sent for the clerk, and he said that he and a party of friends had played with those cards during the afternoon, and farther, that they had used two packs to do some tricks with. He also stood bond for my honesty, and after an hour or so of terrific strain on me my friends concluded I was all right. Then, to establish good fellowship firmly, I insisted on their taking their money back. They set up the drinks all around, and I left them at last with a solemn vow registered that when I played poker again I must know everybody in the game, and everybody must know me. Don't you think one experience like that is enough for an honest man of quiet temperament to go through?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Birth of the Opal.

There is a beautiful little story told about the opal, that delicate stone which you have no doubt seen in rings and bracelets. The story is that the opal was long ago promised to anybody who could discover it. It lay hidden away, so the old fortune tellers used to say, at the place "where the sunlight and the moonlight joined" each other, and whoever could find that spot would be rewarded by a quantity of large, beautiful opals. After a long search for the place "where the sunlight and moonlight joined" each other, the place was found by a Spanish traveler, who followed up the rays of the setting sun, and when he had reached the end of the last ray he waited until the moonbeams shone upon the earth, and there he found the opals. They are said to be very lucky stones for those who are born in the fall of the year and very unlucky for those born in the spring. Of course it is only a saying that these are lucky or unlucky, but the rest of the story is true, as you will believe if you look in the heart of an opal and see the pink tints of the sun and the blue rays of the moon nestling in the middle of it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trees In Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees which are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the "kami" or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one, the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled, and she thinks revenge would be sweet, she makes a straw manikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful, she may also make one of her hated rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and clad in a white night-dress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Pretty Domestic Scene.

The night watchman in a Chestnut street bank isn't happy unless he dandles his 3-months-old baby for awhile each evening. He cannot get out, nor can mamma get in, but every fair night she passes baby in between the big iron bars of the front window. Papa watchman receives the youngster, and passers-by witness the charming family picture of mamma's smiling face watching between the bars and papa romping with baby in the brightly lighted interior of the bank.—Philadelphia Record.

Sacred Serpents.

A general belief in the divine character and healing powers of the sacred serpent is to be met with all over Egypt. Even the myths which the old Egyptians associated with the snake are still prevalent. Egyptians of all classes still believe that when "a serpent grows old wings grow out of its body," and that there are serpents which kill by darting flames in the victim's face. How old such beliefs are in this country need not be repeated to those who have seen the pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. The seref, or "flying serpent," and the snake from whose mouth flames issue are among the commonest of the figures painted on their walls.

It is not, however, as Kakodaemon, but as Agathodaemon, that the divine serpent of ancient Egypt still maintains his chief hold on the belief of the Egyptian people. Each house still has its harras, or "guardian snake," commonly known as the harras el bet, "the protector of the house." The snake is fed with milk and eggs, and care is taken not to do it harm. A servant of mine, who was born at Helwan, near Cairo, has often told me about the guardian snake of his father's house. It was a large one, and used to come out at night for the sake of the food that was offered it and to glide over the bodies of the sleeping family. It never did any of them any mischief, "as it was always treated well." One day a stranger snake made its appearance at the door of the house; the harras at once went against it, and after a short struggle killed the intruder.—Contemporary Review.

Would See Her Later.

Coming over from the east side the other day a University car was filled with all sorts and conditions of passengers, conspicuous among them being some jolly university students. Opposite the boys sat a hard featured female, evidently on her way from a meeting. Next to her sat a bright faced woman talking with a friend. Naturally the talk drifted upon the subject of the revival meetings, and the friend asked:

"I suppose you have been to some of them?"

"No, I have not," the other replied. "I haven't had time," and as she spoke she signaled the conductor to let her off the car.

At her words the hard featured female sitting next to her quickly turned, and leaning forward said in solemn tones:

'Haven't had time! Will you have time to go to hell?"

The car had stopped and as the lady reached the door she hurriedly retorted:

"If I have, I'll see you later."

Then she stepped into the street perfectly conscious of having been able to squelch a woman who didn't know enough to mind her own business.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Novel Manifolding.

An Italian inventor proposes a novel method for duplicating copies of writing. The mechanism for this purpose is provided with two pens, supported by a framework in such a manner that their points are always in the same horizontal plane; a pen at the right is intended for the operator or writer, and the least stroke made by this pen is at the same time duplicated by a pen at the left. The framework is so joined and hinged that the pens can be moved in any direction, and a counterbalance takes the weight of the frame from the hand, so that the act of writing is made almost as easy as with the usual pen and holder.

Two ink wells are provided at the base of the stand, and the dipping of a pen in one well causes the pen to dip in the opposite well; and when the two sheets of paper to be written on are placed parallel to each other and secured the remainder of the work is as simple as ordinary writing. The instrument is designed in especial for furnishing duplicates of contracts and of those legal and other documents which it is often desirable to have duplicated not only in words, but also in the paper and handwriting.—New York Sun.

Fooled the Professor Twice.

The examinations at a certain "prep." school were in progress. The boys were working busily over their papers, and the grim old professor was watching sharply from his desk. Presently he noticed that one of the students, a prominent ne'er do well, was consulting his watch with considerable frequency. The professor studied him. In five minutes he had looked at the timepiece three times. This was enough for the guardian. He called the student to his desk and demanded the watch. It was given him, and he opened it. Across the face was a piece of paper bearing the legend "Fooled." But the worthy professor was not to be so easily deceived. He gave the student a sharp, knowing glance, turned the timepiece over and opened the back cover. It opened with considerable difficulty, and, behold, there was another slip of paper bearing the information, "Fooled again, old fogy."—Boston Budget.

A Newspaper of Long Ago.

Mrs. Julia A. Burlingame, who recently returned from an extended trip east, brought with her a copy of The Balance and New York State Journal, published Sept. 8, 1809, which was presented to her by relatives. The paper has been the property of the Burlingame family since the day it was printed. It was published in New York city by Croswell & Frary, "printers to the people," and contained a large and varied assortment of clippings from such papers as The Northern Whig, and matter which then passed for news, but which would be entirely out of place in the news columns of the papers of today. The editorials would read well in the modern newspapers.—Portland Oregonian.

BEEF EXTRACT FOR A PATIENT.

Just Because It Was Not Made Correctly There Was Trouble.

"My most remarkable professional experience?" repeated the physician thoughtfully, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar. "That is a hard question to answer offhand, but I can tell you of an extremely odd occurrence in connection with my practice recently.

"It was a case of pneumonia. A young lad was sick with the complaint, out in Tenallytown. The father, a poor man and a carpenter by trade, was an old acquaintance of mine, having done odd jobs for me occasionally. He insisted on employing my services, though I recommended a practitioner nearer at hand, because I could not possibly get out there to visit the patient more than once a day.

"The disease had already reached a critical stage when I was first summoned. After writing a couple of prescriptions and giving directions as to other matters, I called the father and requested his attention to certain instructions respecting food. Said I to him:

"'Take this quart whisky bottle and put into it one pound of finely chopped lean beef, cork it tightly, place it in a pot of water and let it boil four hours. That will make the strongest kind of extract—a highly concentrated form of nourishment. Give to the boy one tablespoonful of it every hour.'

"I went away satisfied that everything was provided for. The next day I returned to find my patient in a state of collapse. In haste I called for brandy and milk and managed to revive him. For the life of me, I could not account for the situation of affairs. I summoned the father, who was nearly distracted with anxiety, and questioned him.

"'Have you given him the beef extract I ordered?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied.

"'Every hour?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You put a pound of chopped raw beef into the bottle and boiled it?'

"'Yes, sir. Corked it up and boiled it four hours in a pot of water. He's had a tablespoonful of the stuff every hour since you were here last.'

"'It beats me,' I said. 'Why, I could have supposed that the boy was exanimate from sheer inanition. Bring me some of the beef extract and let me see it.'

"Presently half a tumblerful of the preparation was brought and submitted to me for examination. I could hardly believe my senses. It looked like water; it tasted like water; it was water and nothing else.

"'What does this mean?' I demanded angrily.

"'That's the stuff you ordered, sir,' replied the father confidently. 'I made it myself, according to your own directions—boiled the bottle of beef just as you said. But I must confess that I thought it was a pretty weak kind of broth for a sick boy.'

"I stared at him for a minute or two in wonder. Then a light began to dawn on me. I gasped and said:

"'Bring me the bottle!'

"He did so. Its contents evidently had not been disturbed. I poured from it a tablespoonful of thick and nourishing fluid and administered it to the patient.

"The father looked on as if awestruck.

"'Why,' said he, 'you never told me that! You said to cork up the bottle, but you did not tell me to uncork it. So I thought that you meant I should give him the water it was boiled in!'

"So that was what my patient had been fed on for 24 hours—boiled water and nothing more. No wonder that I found him in a state of collapse. He recovered, but it was a narrow squeeze, I assure you."—Washington Star.

Craasbeck's Ruse.

A somewhat eccentric individual was the Flemish painter Craasbeck, of whom it is told that once, fearing that his wife had ceased to love him and anxious to discover if his fears were founded on fact, he resolved upon an extraordinary test. He tore his blouse from his chest and painted just above his heart a very vivid representation of a wound. He then painted his lips and cheeks so that they presented a ghastly aspect, covered his palette knife and his garments with spots of red paint, gave a shriek and fell to the floor as if dead.

The test was successful. Mme. Craasbeck, hearing the shriek, rushed into the room and supposing that her husband had been killed or had killed himself gave way to what was to the supposed victim on the floor a series of very gratifying outbursts of grief. What the lady said when her lord and master sat up and informed her that he was only shamming, history does not record, but if she failed to go from one extreme to the other and give him a round scolding she certainly missed a great opportunity and showed herself a woman of marvelous self control.—Harper's Young People.

Gone to Her Mother's.

"Dear Lord," said an Atchison man the other morning at grace, "I would ask thy blessing on this food, but I realize it is cooked too miserably for thee to waste thy valuable time in blessing, so instead I urge it upon thee that thou instill into my wife's heart that it is better to cook steak acceptably for one man than to raise $10 by working two weeks for a church social." The indignant woman has gone to her mother's.—Atchison Globe.

Slow and Sure.

The engineer clamps down the brakes and slows up the train when the axles begin to whirl in hot boxes. Life is worth more than the time schedule. It is better to get there behind time than to take the chances of ditching the train. Living too fast is slow business. "Slow but sure" is a good motto. —Ram's Horn.

Selecting Carriage Horses.

In the selection of pairs for carriages the first requisites generally demanded are that the horses should be of a like color and external conformation. So far as fashion and appearance go, when the pair is at rest, the eye is satisfied. Something more, however, is wanted when the horses are in motion. They should not only be the same in color and in height and of like characteristics in shape, but their action should be uniform in character. Without this—for instance, a high stepper paired with a daisy cutter—the impression on the onlooker is an unpleasant feeling of incongruity. Inharmonious action in a driven pair is, to a judge of horses, as great a fault as an ill matched pair in color, size and conformation to the ordinary observer.

Something still more, however, than any of the qualities we have named is requisite. A perfect team of two or more horses should possess, as well, the same kind of temperament to make driving agreeable. A sluggish horse in company with one of a spirited disposition is a continual source of irritation to the driver. The willing horse also takes more than his share of the work, and the lazy less. If the latter has to be repeatedly urged to do his duty, it becomes a source of annoyance to the former, who fidgets and unduly exerts himself in the traces. A pair of lymphatic horses is much to be preferred to such a combination. As the formation of perfect pairs, such as we have indicated, is a difficult matter and such pairs are exceedingly rare, it is no wonder that when found they command enormous prices.—London Live Stock Journal.

A Magical Golden Buck.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the parlor magician, "I will now do a very difficult trick. To do this trick I must have the hearty co-operation of the audience and six eggs. Will some one please lend me an egg?" Here there was much laughter and great applause. "Ah, no one has eggs in his pocket, eh? Well, I suppose I must use some of those with which I have luckily provided myself. I will take this silk hat and break the eggs into it —so."

The magician took a hat from a table which stood at his right and broke six eggs into it, one after another. Then he stirred them up with his wand, covered the hat with a handkerchief and began to talk again: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, as you have no doubt noticed, I have broken the six eggs into the hat and covered the hat with a handkerchief. It is my purpose to wave my wand thrice in the air, to say three magic words and to produce before your astonished eyes a golden buck. The trick I do with no fire and no cooking utensils. I have no cuffs, and there are no whiskers to deceive you. It will merely demonstrate to you that the movement of the hand is quicker than the eye."

The magician then waved his wand three times and said slowly and distinctly: "Presto! Change! Come!" At the last word a bright yellow negro walked on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the magician, "there are the egg shells, and, ladies and gentlemen," pointing to the negro, "here is the golden buck."—Buffalo Express.

The Nuggar Tank.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour, but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

The tank, as it is called, is about 150 yards long by about half that distance in breadth. In this space one observer counted over 200 reptiles from 8 to 15 feet long and smaller ones innumerable. They are so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move.

Buffalos are always standing in the water and are not attacked, but any other animal is instantly seized. "The whole appearance of the place," says one writer, "with its green, slimy, stagnant water and so many of these huge, uncouth monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome spot I ever beheld."—Chambers' Journal.

He Saw the Fish.

A showman had a bill outside his tent which read, "Come and see the great sawed fish." A learned gentleman read it and informed the showman that it ought to be "sword" fish.

"Yer'd better come in and see for yerself; the hadmission is only tuppence," was the showman's only reply.

So the learned man paid his tuppence, went in and was shown a large cod sawed in half.

"Yer ain't the fust gent wot's tried to teach me 'ow to spell, but I've had a good eddication, an I'm running this show to prove it," grinned the man.

The learned gentleman departed, deeply meditating on the world in general and that showman in particular.—London Million.

The Czar's Gifts.

The czar of Russia always carries with him, when he visits his wife's relatives in Denmark, one large trunk that is filled with valuables. These are in the shape of watches, diamond rings, various crosses and ribbons of minor orders and purses of money. They are used judiciously by the czar to distribute among telegraph operators, stationmen, policemen and other minor functionaries with whom the emperor and his family come in contact. The advent of the czar is always heralded with delight at Copenhagen.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morse, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W Ithrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 399 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 258 W Huron st J B O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P R Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1089 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9252 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 490 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1057 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 160 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, John Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3606 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1006 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Bourgeler, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGulse; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A C Bowes, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order made by and entered of record in the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 14th day of November, 1893, in the matter of the petition of George B. Hennessy, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, against Grace Turner and Minnie Hayes, defendants, I, George B. Hennessy, said administrator, will, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, the 15th day of December, 1893, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, at No. 57 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of the said Andrew J. Turner, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, viz: Lot number thirteen (13) of Block numbered three (3) of "Uthe's Addition to Glencoe" being a subdivision of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of Section Seven (7) Township Forty-two (42) North Range Thirteen (13) East of the third Principal Meridian, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts and costs of administration of said estate due and to accrue. Said real estate is subject to the dower right of Grace Turner, widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by the Probate Court.

Chicago, November 16, 1893.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased.
W. J. Carey, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 69 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

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